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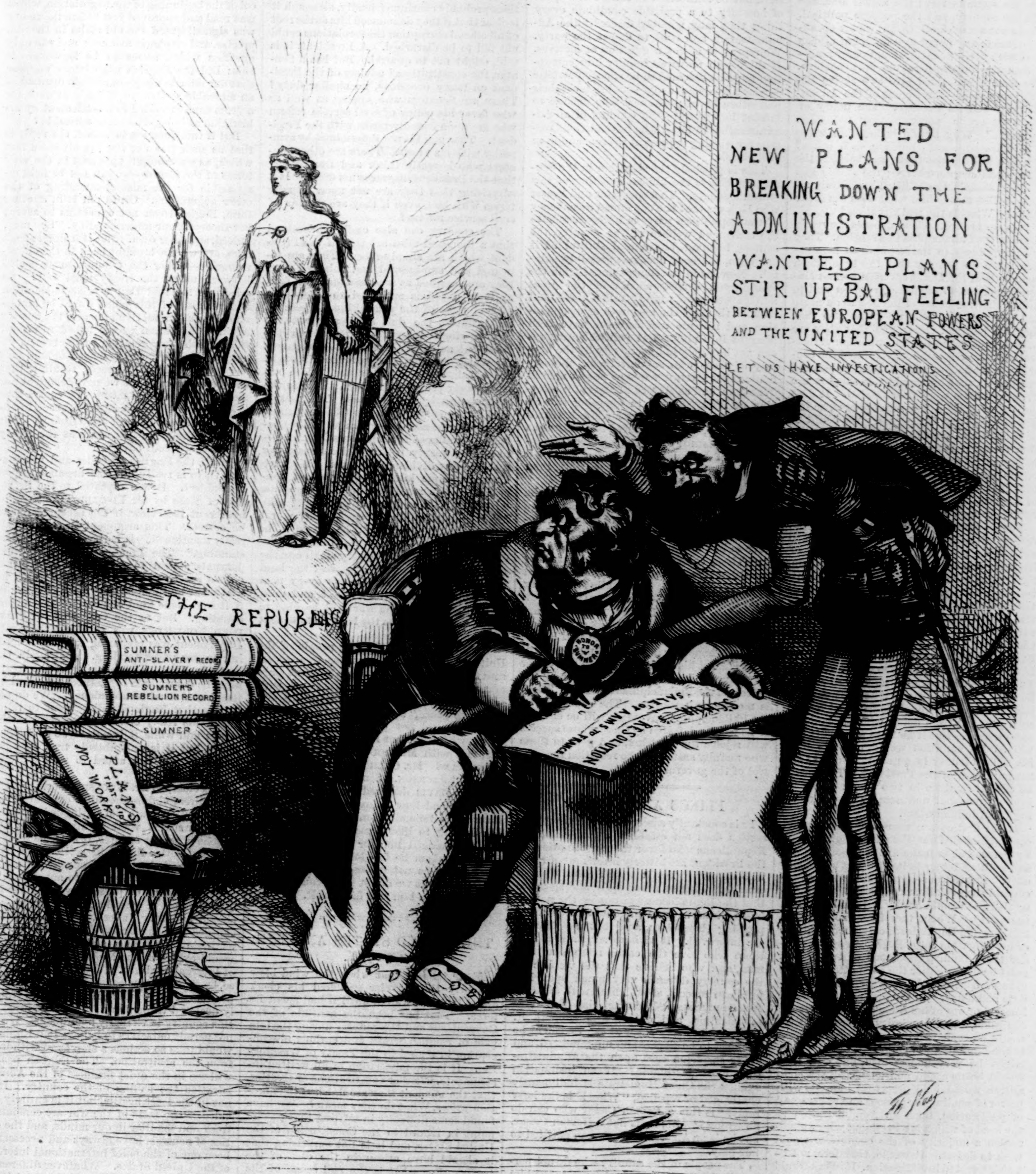

MEPHISTOPHELES AT WORK FOR DESTRUCTION.
A BID FOR THE GERMAN VOTE

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 9, 1872.

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THE SENATE.

THROUGH all the brilliancy and vigor and ability of the winter's debates in the Senate the real point has been plainly perceptible. The question may have been a committee of investigation, or an inquiry into the sale of arms, but every hearer and reader of the speeches felt that the Senate was the scene merely: the actual audience was the country, and the purpose political. We do not accuse motives, but we are speaking of men; and not of men only, but of men fired with patriotic interest and party zeal—of men who have political objects to achieve. The Senate is divided into two active Republican camps—the friends of the Administration and its enemies. The policy of the Democratic party is, very naturally, "passive." Why should it interfere when it sees its opponents rending each other? It sits a smiling spectator, and beholds the charge and counter-charge; the steady and brilliant assault, the brilliant and steady repulse. But meanwhile what does the scene mean? What is the real situation?

It is easy to see. These debates are really those of the Philadelphia Convention. They are preliminary to the Republican nomination. We do not say that the Republican opponents of the Administration are not sincerely anxious to expose corruption and to defend the true honor of the American name and government. But we know also that they are political chiefs, and that they are warmly opposed to the renomination of General Grant. Senator Schurz stated the other day in the Senate, what he frankly declared in Chicago, that he should not support the President if he were renominated. It does not follow that, in the usual phrase, he has gone over to the Democrats. We doubt if he thinks it wise for the Cincinnati Convention to make a nomination. He doubtless believes that parties are more dissolved than others suppose them to be, and that new combinations are imminent. And the logic of his position forces him to justify his hopes and make such combinations practicable.

For see what the necessary result must be! A Republican Senator announces that he will not sustain the Presidential nomination of his party if it fall upon a candidate to whom, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he is utterly opposed, and whom he believes to have violated the Constitution. If that nomination should be made, the Senator, by refusing to support it, would relax his connection with the party. That is to say, he would virtually cease to be regarded as a Republican, and if no new party had arisen he must either join the Democracy or disappear from public life. We do not say that any anti-Administration Senator would be deterred by any such prospect from doing what he believed to be a duty. But if he were politically ambitious his ambition would coincide with his sense of duty in an effort to defeat the renomination of the President. This could be effectively done in two ways: either by proving personal unfitness, or by discrediting the Administration.

If the first course were adopted and successfully carried out, the party might be easily persuaded to make another nomination, and without injury to its prospect of ascendency. But if the second course were adopted, and successfully, the discredit of the Administration could hardly fail to bring down the party. When, therefore, the anti-Administration Republicans call for committees of investigation into alleged corruptions under the Administration, one of two things must be done: either the committee must be granted without debate, or there must be debate and delay. In the first case the mover himself, or one of his friends, would be made chairman, and the majority of the committee would be composed of Republicans opposed to the Administration and Democrats. They might be very honest men, but still they would be men and politicians. That committee would hold perpetual inquest, with power of sending for persons and papers, and of publication, upon an Administration at the head of which is a President whose nomination a majority of the committee would wish to defeat. It would, therefore, not be a disinterested investigation. Its work would begin in suspicion, and it could not end in the honest persuasion of any man who knew what the facts of its origin really were.

On the other hand, if the committee were not immediately granted, a debate must follow. In this debate the object of each side would be evident. The friends of the Administration would decline to form a committee composed partly or wholly of those who had openly declared the head of the Administration to be unfit for his place, because they would properly suspect the impartiality of the investigation. A personal or political opposition having been declared, the proceedings would be suspicious at every step. In the debate upon the committee, the whole force of the case against the Administration would be exposed and eloquently argued, and the presumptive guilt which demands inquiry would be established in advance as fully as possible. The friends of the Administration would be represented by their opponents as avoiding inquiry, and superficially such might seem to be the fact. But their real action would be merely insistance that on the eve of a Presidential election those who are committed against the support of the President, if renominated, shall not be authorized to collect in a spirit of hostility to a probable candidate every thing that may possibly discredit the Administration and tend to defeat the party. We repeat, it is not a question of motives. If those who move an inquiry into corruption must be assumed to be simply patriotic—which we do not deny—not less must their patriotism be unquestioned who decline to intrust inquiry into the conduct of an Administration to those who have obvious reasons for wishing to prevent the renomination of its head.

This is precisely the situation in the Senate, and this is the hidden meaning of this winter's debate. To a spectator and hearer who believes that the continued ascendency of the Republican party is indispensable to the continued welfare of the country, the contest, brilliant, bitter, and skillful as it has been, has been also inexpressibly painful. Now, as in the impeachment trial, the Washington correspondents of the great newspapers have warmly taken sides, and now, as then, all the resources of exaggeration and ridicule and sarcasm have been brought into play. But political measures can not be safely judged merely by the honesty of those who support them. Nobody doubts that Calhoun was as pure a man as Webster, and as sincere in asserting secession as Webster was in opposing it. So also those who sneered at Mr. Fessenden's "conscience," and denounced Mr. Grimes as a Judas Iscariot for voting against the conviction of President Johnson, condemned Senators not less sincere and patriotic than those who differed from them.

The Republicans who are known as the chiefs of the anti-Administration camp are not, indeed, to be suspected of improper motives because they differ from what we believe to be the general sentiment of the party. Those chiefs assert, what we earnestly hope, that there is a popular uprising against political corruption. But while Mr. Schurz was saying it in the Senate, Fernando Wood was saying it in the House! And if that uprising end in the return of Fernando Wood and his friends to power, where will be the Senator's hope of "honest and pure government?" Yet his hope will be fulfilled either by the party friends of Mr. Wood or by the success of the Philadelphia candidate. There is no other alternative. The candidate of the Philadelphia Convention will be elected, or he will be defeated by those whose success will rejoice the Ku-Klux, and give to those who morally sustained the rebellion the control of the government.

FLINGS AND SNEERS.

It is constantly asserted—but constant assertion does not establish a fact—that the Republicans who favor the renomination of the President are bitterly intolerant of those who do not. Yet it would seem upon a careful reading of newspapers and speeches that the Republicans who oppose the renomination have at least an equal chance of expressing themselves, and that the chances are improved. It is, however, natural that those who love the cause more than any man, and who believe that the welfare of the country depends very much upon Republican success, should hear with dissatisfaction unmeasured denunciation of the Administration and of all who support it. Why should every sneer at the President be assumed to be sincere and unprejudiced, and every suspicion cast upon the Administration most justifiable? If an insinuation against the Chief Magistrate is indignantly challenged or repelled, "What!" is the lofty reply, "is this a Roman Cæsar who can do no wrong?" No, he is not a Roman Cæsar, but he is an American gentleman entitled to fair play.

The people of the country who do not personally know the President must judge him by his words and acts. It is a skillful sophistry which charges him with every evil that may appear in the Administration, and refuse him the credit of all the good. He is a criminal or a cipher, as the exigency of his opponents may demand. "But why is it that certain gentlemen are known as his friends, and certain others as his enemies?" is a question often asked; "and why, when his policy is opposed, are some opponents treated as enemies while others still remain friends?" The reply is not far to seek. Some of his warmest friends opposed the San Domingo treaty, but they opposed it as friends. They represented it as a mistake of policy, upon which there could be natural and harmonious differences of opinion. The result showed that it was not mere opposition to his policy which occasioned alienation. But when his motives and character are impugned in opposition, why should there not be feeling upon his part? A President must be silent when he is aspersed. Is it not all the more a duty of honor in party opponents not to asperse him?

So certain Senators are warmly, even contemptuously, opposed to civil service reform, which the President favors. But their relations probably continue friendly, although it is clear that if they denounced him as the root of all official corruption those relations could not fail to be disturbed. A President, it is said, ought not to quarrel. But has a Senator, the constitutional adviser of the President on many occasions, no similar duty? There are Senators who oppose as well as who favor his policy of civil service reform who are upon friendly terms with the President. That point is not determined by sympathy with his views. There are other Senators who honestly think and frankly say that the President disgraces his office. Is it surprising that they are not upon friendly terms with him, even if they are friends of civil service reform?

The country can also easily understand that a thousand tales are told of the President which are simply false. They are repeated and emphasized and enlarged until they are accepted as true, and one such fact, as it is called, is supposed to indicate a myriad more of the same kind. There is, for instance, the dull slander about the Seneca stone quarry. It represents the President as deeply interested in a quarry for which contracts for government works are obtained by his influence, which are enormously profitable to him. This is the story industriously repeated. The fact is that six or seven years ago General Grant invested some money—which we believe nobody ever alleged to be dishonestly earned—in a stone quarry, from which he has never received any dividend whatever. We have heard the same kind of story told of General Logan in regard to some Chicago lots. "He grew rich in the army, did he?" asks Mrs. Candour, with a shrug of her moral shoulders. No, madame; he invested in land some of his small savings from his general's pay. The sum was very small and the terms of payment very easy, and the land rapidly rose in value; and, as every man who honors one of the bravest and most skillful soldiers of the war will be glad to know, the general has the legitimate benefit of his bargain.

We do not believe that the people of the United States hear with patience these incessant flings at a President whom the most elaborate ingenuity has failed to stain even with suspicion. He is exhorted to conciliate and to "have peace," and we are told that other Presidents did not permit quarrels. How was it with President Pierce and Mr. Douglas, and with Mr. Douglas and President Buchanan? Mr. Calhoun withdrew from President Jackson. Senator Wade and Mr. Winter Davis declared against President Lincoln, and how many Senators heartily favored his renomination? The diplomacy of affecting to like those who have, as he thinks, defamed him, or that of trusting those in whom he has lost confidence, the President does not possess. It may be his misfortune, but we doubt if the country will charge it upon him as a fatal fault.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE TREATY.

Æsop tells us that when the wind blew violently the traveler gathered his cloak about him and waited until it had spent its force. That has been the attitude of the Government and the country during the late gale of English wrath and curious misconception in regard to the Treaty of Washington. It is the misfortune of all written instruments, whether constitutions or treaties, that the moment they are finished the question arises, What do they mean? We have found some difficulty in settling that precise point in regard to the Constitution of the United States, and it is not surprising that it should have arisen in the case of the treaty. For what is the real scope of the English assertion? Is it not that it was understood that the indirect claims were withdrawn, and that the arbitration was to affect nothing but the amount of certain specific computable losses by certain specific vessels? One of the London papers says that England agreed to abide by the decision in regard to a direct and limited claim, but did not agree to abide by any decision in regard to any indirect claim. But if a question arises as to the understanding—and it has arisen—it can be settled in one of two ways only: either by the judgment of the tribunal or by withdrawing from the treaty.

It is said that we ought not to expect England to consent, and that we ought not to assume that she has consented, to any thing so preposterous as the claim for indirect loss; that we are the gainers in any case, and that England is not able to pay. But it is not a question of ability, but of agreement. Our case has always been the same. We have asked always for indirect and direct losses. England knew it as well as we knew it ourselves. Indeed, it was first most forcibly stated to his own country nearly ten years ago by Mr. Cobden. There was no concealment, no evasion, upon our part. The protocol of the beginning of the negotiation, which was read and approved just before the treaty was signed, stated the old claim in the old, precise, and emphatic manner; and the only question which seems to be legitimate is this: Did the English negotiators suppose that our offer to merge our whole demand in an amicable settlement, if made at once, for a gross sum, extended to a settlement by arbitration as being in a sense amicable?

But if this question be asked, the reply is that as such was not our intention—a fact which, as we thought, appeared in the very terms of the record—we can not be held responsible for the misunderstanding of the other negotiators. Or, to put it in another form, England can not expect us to accept her theory of our understanding. She may, indeed, state her own. But if it differs from ours, are we not brought back to the old alternative—either the tribunal must decide between us, or the treaty must fall? So when we are told that a wise moderation and yielding of this point would be statesmanlike and promotive of peace, the answer again is that when we are asked to accord the English interpretation to the treaty, we are asked to do precisely what England says she never could do—namely, to allow that the treaty means what we never thought nor meant that it should mean. Of course that is something that we can not concede in advance of the decision of the tribunal. But to that decision, when made as the treaty provides, we shall bow.

In all the English speeches and newspapers there is really but one argument upon the subject. It was repeated to the Secretary of State by Sir Edward Thornton in his recent interview, if the accepted report be correct. This argument is the one already mentioned. It is the alleged "understanding." The London *Times* and other journals appeal to Sir Stafford Northcote's speech of last summer, in which he said what he thought the treaty covered, as if it were some kind of proof of the understanding. But at the time that Sir Stafford Northcote was speaking the State Department was preparing our case according to *our* understanding. And again the result is plain. The meaning of the treaty must be determined by methods provided by itself, or it must be abandoned. We do not believe that England will consent to relinquish this ready chance of peaceful settlement; and while it is not to be said offensively, but it is undoubtedly true, that the United States can afford to wait quite as long as England.

It is clear, as Dr. Woolsey shows, that if the indirect claims should be excluded from the treaty, they are not extinguished. Our "case" remains what it always was, and somehow, sooner or later, it must be settled. Is it not better that it be settled now by a tribunal well chosen? If our claims are so preposterous—if it is made to appear to the tribunal that by no possibility could the indirect claims be considered or allowed—we should submit. Indeed, it has been often charged that the treaty would end in giving us little or nothing, and that our claims would expire in the apology and the points of international law. Very well; if that be so, by that we have consented to abide. The position of the United States has been frankly declared throughout. Public opinion in this country is virtually unanimous. We do not permit ourselves to believe that England would take so serious a step as to withdraw from the arbitration. The English people will see in the quiet firmness of the Administration the feeling of the country. It is not in the least hostile, but it is entirely decided. The facts of the war are constantly fresh and familiar in our minds, and the duties of neutrals have always and necessarily been one of the chief international interests of the United States. Whatever differences there may be upon other points, the Administration of General Grant and the whole country are in accord upon the course to be

pursued in regard to the Treaty of Washington. Senator SUMNER, for instance, is not friendly to the Administration, but upon this point he is necessarily its logical and earnest supporter.

PARTY ACTION.

THE *Tribune* has recently published a short series of interesting editorial articles upon the methods that have been adopted in the United States for nominating Presidents and Vice-Presidents. The advantages and disadvantages of the Congressional caucus and the national convention systems were briefly indicated, and the series concluded with the advice to every voter to "hear and heed all proper suggestions of candidates, then vote exactly as your own unfettered judgment shall dictate." The advice is sound, if a little vague, because all voters who are not bribed probably already vote in the manner suggested.

A political party is a voluntary association. Its organization and its methods of every kind depend only upon an honorable common understanding. It is evident that under a free government those whose views of public affairs most nearly harmonize, those who believe that the national policy should be controlled by certain great principles, will combine for an intelligent concert of action. The genius of a republic indicates representative action in this as in all other public affairs. Hence there are local and general, city, county, State, and national committees elected by the various parties, and properly constituting the organized authority of the party for purposes which are well understood. The harmonious action of those committees enables the numerical force of the party to be made available. The committees summon local and general conventions, which are the councils of the party itself, and which, in turn, delegate their authority for certain purposes to the committees which they create.

Organization is as indispensable to a political party as it is to a patriotic people. In time of war it is not enough that a people have a heroic sentiment, a lofty desire to march and meet the enemy. The wish to meet him effectively is as instinctive as that to meet him at all. The whole population of New England, from Concord to Boston, roused by PAUL REVERE to withstand the red-coats, although firing from behind every fence and tree, and harassing the trained British bands, could not prevent their steady march to Boston. So all the earnest and heroic antislavery patriotism of the country could not have elected a President in 1860 had it disdained organization. It was forced to be wise enough to postpone personal preferences in order to secure a common end. The New York Republicans surrendered their preference for Mr. SEWARD. "We came," said Mr. EVARTS, "from a great State, bringing with us, as we thought, the name of a great statesman." But he ended by moving that the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN be made unanimous. Mr. GREELEY and his friends surrendered their choice of Mr. EDWARD BATES. The friends of Mr. CHASE, of Mr. WADE, of Mr. CAMERON, of Mr. BANKS, of General FREMONT, all honorably yielded to the necessity of organized union. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was nominated and elected, and no one who was a delegate to that convention probably deplores its choice.

Now if every friend of the gentlemen who were not nominated had bolted, the withering grasp of slavery upon the country, sustained by the Democratic party, would have been confirmed. A scattering vote for a dozen Republican candidates, however honest, would have been as useless as a scattering fire of patriots against a trained army of the tyrant. The *Tribune* does not deny this. It expressly says that when "great principles, or even interests," are at stake the authority of the regular, although voluntary, organization of the party should be commanding. It would not say, however, we believe, that the voter should in that case vote against his "own unfettered judgment;" but it would agree that his judgment would then instruct him to prefer the cause to a man. But if the lesson of the *Tribune* is to have a present application different from this, it must be because now there are no "great principles, or even interests," at stake.

Is that indeed the situation? Is the condition of the country such? Are Republican principles, for instance, and national interests so secure that it is a matter of indifference whether we vote for the candidate of the Labor Convention, or of the Cincinnati Convention, or of the Republican Convention, or of the Temperance Convention, or of the Democratic Convention? It is true that every honest man should vote as his unfettered judgment may dictate; but is it indifferent to the *Tribune* whether that unfettered judgment dictates a vote for or against the regular Republican candidate? If the Republican Convention should nominate General GRANT, would the *Tribune* fold its hands and say, "Let every body vote according to his judgment?" or would it strive, as in 1868, to influence that judgment in favor of the Republican candidate?

There are stories of the eager circulation of the *Tribune* by Democrats in New Hampshire as a campaign document. That may not be, but it is doubtless the most efficient opponent of the present Republican Administration, not because it calls for exposures of wrong-doing, but because the spirit of its criticism is that of an enemy and not of a friend. But as we say elsewhere, it is by discrediting an Administration that a party is overthrown, and not merely a candidate for nomination defeated. Are there, then, no great principles or interests which, in the judgment of the *Tribune*, would be endangered by the defeat of the Republican party? And in its desire to prevent the nomination of General GRANT, to which the preference of the Republican party plainly points, is it not helping to destroy the party which it did so much to create, and to endanger those great principles which it has always maintained as essential to the national welfare?

THE KU-KLUX REPORTS.

BOTH the minority and majority reports upon the Ku-Klux in the Southern States leave no doubt whatever of the actual situation in that part of the country. The minority or Democratic report enlarges upon the corruption of the governments and the condition of society, and there is an unpleasant suggestion of justification of much of the violence in that region as necessitated by the conduct of the government. A frank and manly confession of the fact that in many parts of those States fidelity to the Union is an offense not to be forgotten or forgiven would have been better than the attempted plea. If the crimes are exaggerated, there are nevertheless crimes, and of the most atrocious kind. They are directed against a certain class, both white and colored, the distinction of which is its loyalty. The object of the Ku-Klux is both revenge and intimidation. Those who were true to the government must pay for it, and those who would sustain the party that saved the country must be prevented from voting.

"The men in the South who stood by the government," said one of the most eminent of them recently, "have had a hard fate." There was a pathos in his words which these reports explain. The old hatreds and passions are not readily extirpated, and for many a year the bitter memories of the war will disturb the States upon which its hand fell heaviest. The majority report, the conclusions of which are amply sustained by the evidence, recommends amnesty. It will be the removal of the last pretext of complaint. The rest is the natural and inevitable result of the social convulsion which the dominant sentiment of those States invited. The duty of the government meanwhile is plain. It is to defend the rights of all citizens of the United States, and to defend them effectively, and to show that rage and fury can not prevail against the national purpose. It must endure to be called a despotism. But the men, whether in the Northern or the Southern States, who so describe the policy which has required no executions, no fines, no imprisonments, no vindictive confiscations, show only the impotent malice of mere party spirit.

PERSONAL.

A FAVORITE contributor to the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS, and one of the most popular of modern novelists—Mr. B. L. FARJEON, author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," etc., has just married Miss BENJAMIN, of Liverpool. The Scripture telleth how "JOSEPH fell upon BENJAMIN's neck and wept; and BENJAMIN wept upon his neck." To each of his brethren "gave JOSEPH changes of raiment; but to BENJAMIN *he gave three hundred pieces of silver and five changes of raiment.*" It remains to be seen whether in the matter of bullion, bodices, and bonnets our modern romancer will exceed in his wedding gifts the liberality of Mr. JOSEPH JACOB, so concisely and pointedly set forth in the last chapters of Genesis.

—General SHERMAN, accompanied by Colonel AUDENRIED and Lieutenant GRANT, of his staff, were presented to, and had a pleasant interview with, Pope PIUS on the 21st of February. The interview between prelate and soldier reminds one of a sentiment given some years ago at a Fourth-of-July celebration by an old deacon, who arose and in tremulous tones said, "Mr. President, I give you as a toast, The two great civilizers of the age: the Gospel and Gunpowder—Saint Peter and Saltpetre!"

—The Democratic party of Brooklyn has been undergoing the same sort of purification as the dominant party of this city—an exodus of old party leaders having taken place, and men of quite different stamp installed in their places. At the meeting of the Democratic General Committee of Brooklyn, a few evenings since, Mr. EDWARD ROWE was elected president for the coming year, and only accepted after urgent entreaty. Mr. ROWE is one of the prominent importing merchants of New York, and enjoys high reputation in the mercantile community. He has for many years been connected with the Brooklyn Board of Education, and with various other organizations calculated to promote the interests and the good name of that city. It is fortunate for our political future when such men as WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, of New York, and EDWARD ROWE, of Brooklyn, come forward to give the weight of their character and influence toward elevating and purifyin, our primary organizations.

—The old merchants of New York, t ose who commenced business fifty years ago, a d after an honorable career of twoscore year retired with the well-earned reward of intellig nt and well-directed enterprise, are rapidly passing away. One of these, Mr. PHILIP M. LYD G, was buried on the 22d ult. from St. Mark's Episcopal Church. His father, DAVID LYDIG, was a distinguished merchant before him—a man who from the year 1800 on for forty years was prominent as a director in the leading banks and insurance companies of his time, and who was alluded to as "one of those bold old merchants" who built up the trade of New York. Mr. PHILIP M. LYDIG became in 1824 associated with his father in business, and followed faithfully and honorably in the footsteps of his predecessor. He took for a wife the daughter of another great merchant (one of a family that has become historical in our commerce), Mr. JOHN SUYDAM, and in his own career worthily sustained the name and fame of both "houses." Latterly, as befitted the vicissitudes of age, he had retired from the activities of life, and devoted himself to those domestic and benevolent objects that were a source of agreeable employment, and enabled him peacefully and pleasantly to glide down the hill of life. He bore an honored name, and left it to those who will keep it untarnished. Of his five daughters one is the wife of Judge DALY, of the Common Pleas; another the wife of Judge BRADY, of the Supreme Court. The son, Mr. DAVID LYDIG, emulating the fame as well as the precise name of his grandfather, is now in active business in this the city of his forefathers.

—The latest speculations in reference to the primacy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States are that Archbishop M'CLOSKEY will be promoted to that position and remove to Baltimore, and that Bishop LYNCH, of Charleston, South Carolina, will succeed to the Archbishopric of New York. Bishop LYNCH now stands sixth on the roll of bishops, having forty-six below him. He ranks among the ablest preachers and most accomplished men of his order. The name of Bishop BAYLEY, of Newark, has been mentioned in connection with the primacy, but probably by those with whom "the wish was father to the thought." Speaking of bishops, that was rather a hard hit at Bishop WARBURTON, of the Church of England, by CHURCHILL, in the *Duellist*, who describes him not as a man whose strongest point was vital piety. This is his slashing verse:

> "He was so proud that should he meet
> The twelve Apostles in the street,
> He'd turn his nose up at them all,
> And shove his Saviour from the wall.
> He was so mean (meanness and pride
> Still go together side by side)
> That he would cringe and creep, be civil,
> And hold a stirrup for the devil."

—A special correspondent of the New York *World* is interviewing the principal literary personages of England. Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, the last person called upon, in answer to a proposition or suggestion for certain contributions to that journal, said: "I feel myself bound in honor to give Messrs. HARPER the refusal of every thing I send to America. My relations with that firm have lasted so long, and have been so satisfactory to me, that I should hesitate about writing for any other."

—The confirmation of Mr. CHARLES HALE as Assistant Secretary of State introduces into that department one of the most industrious, capable, and practical men who have been called upon to fill the place. To scholarship of a high order Mr. HALE adds an experience quite unusual for one of his years. Twice elected Speaker of the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and subsequently for many years consul-general at Alexandria, he last fall returned to Boston, and was immediately elected to the State Senate, and appointed chairman of the Committee on Railroads. As a writer he is clear, scholarly, and forcible, and in his new position is sure to make a most honorable record.

—The Boston *Journal*, in a notice of the late ISAAC RICH, of whom a portrait was given in the *Weekly* for February 17, says that his first special stroke of good fortune in the fish trade came through Mr. SIMEON BOYDEN, "the keeper of the Tremont House, who had noticed and approved the bright boy-merchant. He asked him why he did not keep salmon. He was answered, because he had not money enough to buy them. 'How much will it take?' 'Two hundred dollars.' 'The next boat that comes in, buy it up, and I'll lend you the money.' He watched the first incoming salmon boat, got on board from his little dory, and bargained for the whole load. They were astonished at his purchase, and questioned his power to pay. He had his money for them as soon as delivered, and then began his career as a wholesale dealer in the line which he afterward so largely filled."

—Mr. F. W. ROBINSON, author of many popular novels, writes an interesting letter to the London *Athenæum* apropos of a mention in that journal of JOHN BROUGHAM's successful dramatization of "True to Herself" under the title of "John Garth." He says:

> "It may be an amusing fact to record that the lessee of a West End theatre in 1869 suggested to me the bare possibility of my being able to write a play, and asked if I would send him in the outline of a domestic drama. Surprised by so extraordinary an act of managerial condescension, I was weak enough to sketch forth the play of 'John Garth' in a couple of pages of MS., and was duly informed that my idea for a drama was not at all the kind of article that had been expected from me."

Mr. ROBINSON worked the sketch into a novel of great interest and power; and Mr. BROUGHAM, quick to see its strong dramatic elements, worked it over into a highly successful play. Mr. ROBINSON occupies a place in the first rank of living novelists. Having large and well-trained constructive powers, his plots are always good, he develops character very cleverly, and always contrives to make his men and women talk like sensible creatures.

—The modesty of true statesmen is as noticeable as the stupidity of snobs. A few mornings since, when Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS arrived in Washington, he went, after breakfast, to the State Department, but was met by the guardian of the door with the remark that it was Thursday, a day set apart by the Secretary for the reception of diplomats only. "But," said Mr. ADAMS, "my name is ADAMS." "I am sorry, Mr. ADAMS," replied the royal janitor, "but my instructions are such that I can not take your card to the Secretary if you are not a representative of one of the legations." The statesman did not attempt to argue with the janitor; he merely asked that he should say to Secretary FISH that CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS was at the Arlington. At the mention of the given name the janitor suddenly remembered who CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS was, and very politely invited him to the room of the Secretary without further delay, where he remained for nearly an hour.

—Of the great lawyers of England several are noted for their unassuming but steady discharge of duty as members of the Church. Lord HATHERLY, the Lord Chancellor, is author of an able work on the "Evidences of Christianity." Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is the author of the "Book of Praise," and Sir JOHN COLERIDGE, Attorney-General, has edited a "Mirror for Monks," being a companion volume of Thomas à Kempis. The speech of Sir JOHN in the TICHBORNE case is conceded, among lawyers, to be one of the ablest, most eloquent, and most ingenious displays of legal ability that have been listened to in our day in a court of justice.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the House of Representatives, February 19, a bill repealing the duties on tea and coffee was passed by a vote of 153 to 38. An amendment putting coal and salt on the free list failed of the requisite two-thirds vote. The Consular and Diplomatic bill was passed in the House February 23. The Russian mission was advanced to first class, the Japanese to second class, and the Central American mission was reduced to one minister at Nicaragua.

The chief business before the Senate during the week was the alleged sale of arms to the French during the late war with Germany. Speeches were made by Senators Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull, Morton, and others, but a vote was not reached.

The Richmond (Virginia) City Railroad Company have resolved to permit negroes to ride in all their cars hereafter.

The State Republican Convention of South Carolina met at Columbia, February 19, to nominate delegates to the National Republican Presidential Convention. Nearly 200 delegates were present, nearly four-fifths of whom were negroes. Of the fourteen delegates chosen, seven were white and seven colored. Governor Orr was among the number. The platform heartily indorsed the administration of President Grant, thanked Congress for the Ku-Klux act, and advocated civil rights measures and general amnesty.

The convention for the admission of Utah as a State was held at Salt Lake City February 20. Violent speeches were made against the Federal government by Thomas Fitch, Elder Orson Pratt, Judge Snow, and others. The point of the remarks was that Utah should not ask, but should demand admission. A resolution was passed, February 23, agreeing to the terms prescribed by Congress in the matter of polygamy, but there was a stubborn fight before the surrender.

The National Labor Convention met at Columbus, Ohio, February 22, and nominated for President of the United States David Davis, of Illinois, and for Vice-President Joel Parker, of New Jersey. The National Prohibition Convention met at the same place on the same day, and nominated James Black, of Pennsylvania, for President, and John Russell, of Michigan, for Vice-President.

The Missouri State Republican Convention met at Jefferson City February 22, and indorsed President Grant's administration, pledging to support him for a second term. The Indiana State Republican Convention took the same action on the same day.

A passenger train on the Cincinnati and Louisville Railroad fell through the railroad bridge three miles north of Elliston station, February 23. Two persons were killed and sixty wounded.

Mayor A. Oakey Hall appeared in the Court of General Sessions, before Judge Bedford, February 19, and demanded instant trial upon the misdemeanor indictments against him. Attorney-General Barlow represented the people, and the Mayor defended in person; but as Chief Justice Daly was elsewhere engaged, and could not be present, the trial was set down for February 26.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, member of the Geneva Court of Arbitration, returned to New York, on the *Algeria*, February 21, and went immediately to Washington.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the British House of Commons, February 20, Premier Gladstone admitted, in reply to an inquiry of the previous day, that the American "case" had reached England in December last. At first sight he thought the argument an able one, but was surprised to find other important questions introduced in the paper. The House refused to pass a vote of censure on the ministry for the appointment of Sir Robert Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The ministerial estimate for the support of the British army during the coming year falls £1,000,000 short of that of the year just closing.

Generals Von Moltke and Von Roon have been created life peers by royal decree.

The injuries to Madame Ristori by the recent railway accident near Perugia were more serious than at first supposed. In addition to flesh bruises, Madame Ristori sustained a fracture of the knee-pan, which is extremely painful, and will render the well-known tragedienne unable to attend to her professional duties for a long time.

In Mexico the revolutionists to the number of 8000 stormed the city of San Luis Potosi, February 16, driving the government troops into the barricades, and cutting off further reinforcements and supplies.

President Thiers has summoned the principal generals to give an account of the present state of feeling in the army.

In the French Assembly a bill has been introduced increasing the power of the government over the press.

General Sherman and party left Rome for Naples February 22. They were received by the Pope before they went.

President Baez intends to make a tour of Europe presently, calling here on his way.

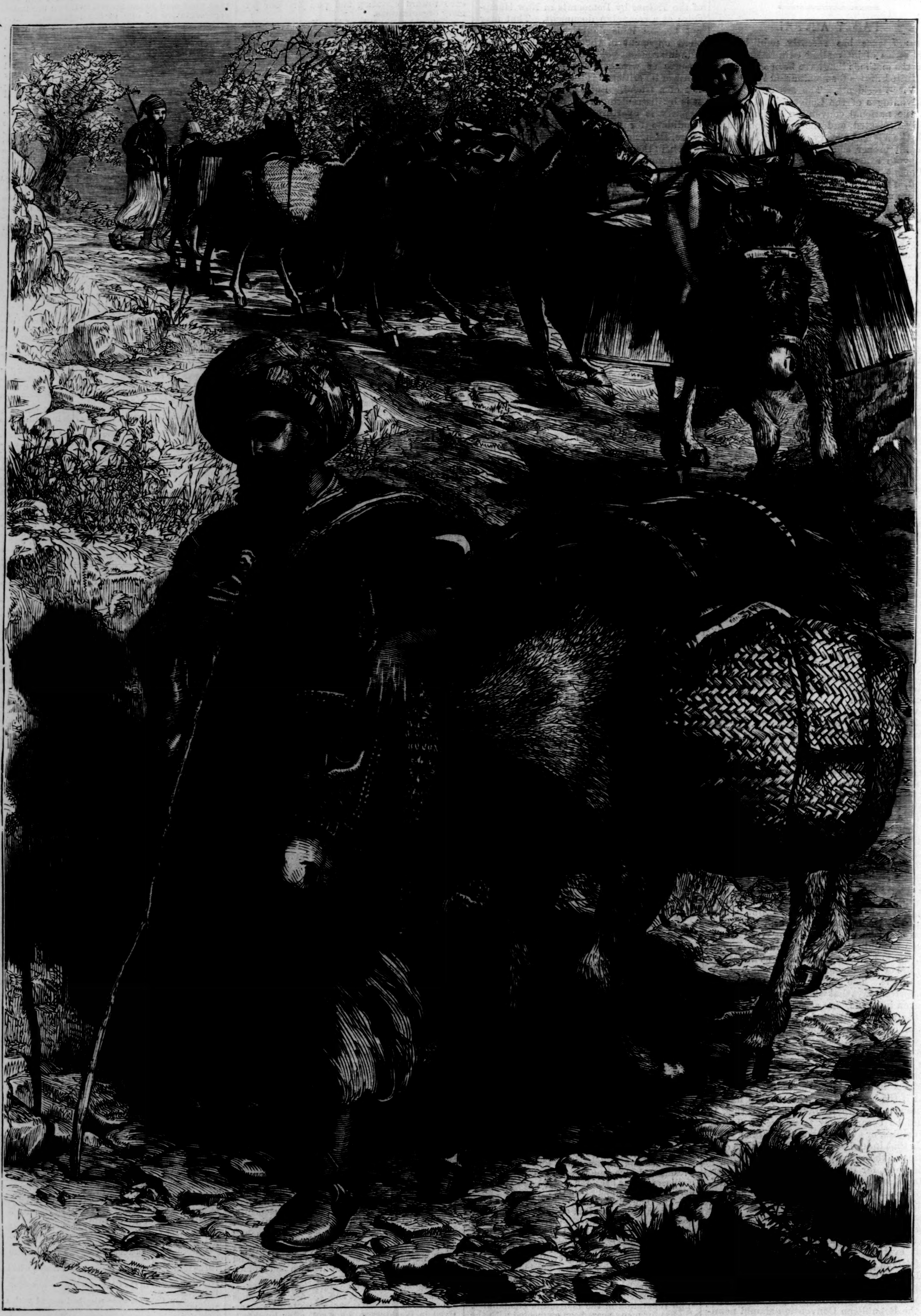
An unsuccessful attempt was made, February 5, to burn the city of Port-au-Prince. The palace was destroyed. Seven of the supposed incendiaries were thrown into prison. Twenty-one adherents of ex-President Salnave, who were recently released by President Saget, were rearrested at Cape Haytien for conspiracy against the government.

The Pope, in consistory, February 23, preconized twenty-eight bishops, including four for dioceses in America.

A legitimist monarchical congress is in session at Antwerp.

The insurgent general, Manuel Agramonte, who has surrendered to the Spanish authorities, calls upon his late companions in the Cuban revolution to submit to the government.

A Roman Catholic Pole who had served with the Papal Zouaves was arrested in Berlin, February 21, on suspicion of intending to assassinate Prince Bismarck. A loaded pistol was found in his pocket.



FRUIT-CARRIERS GOING TO JERUSALEM.—[See Page 189.]

BROADWAY DURING A THAW.

The illustration on this page requires no explanation for New Yorkers; but such of our country readers as have never experienced the inconvenience of a wade across Broadway when that magnificent thoroughfare resembles a river of mud and slush should understand that our Street Commissioner generally contents himself in winter-time with having the heavy falls of snow shoveled into great heaps along either side of the streets, and when the mild weather comes these frozen snow heaps melt, and flood the streets with slush ankle deep. New York, however, is not a dirty city. The sidewalks are always clean, and in most cases the crossings; and the gayly dressed can promenade the principal thoroughfares without soiling their finery. Many persons of both sexes go out to walk prepared for the worst, and with their India rubber boots, reaching almost to the knees, defy the slush. It sometimes happens that a delicately booted, willful damsel desires to get into a horse-car, where there is no clean way of reaching it, but the gallant policeman is on such occasions always on hand. The illustration represents such a scene on Broadway, near Twenty-fourth Street. A member of the famous Broadway Squad is here seen carrying a young lady to a horse-car. It will not be out of place here to state that the men of the B. W. S. are all over six feet high, and well proportioned. They are generally handsome, and they are always polite—to the ladies, especially to those who are young and pretty. Those who do not possess these attractions sometimes complain that the members of the B. W. S. have no eyes for ladies in need of assistance in getting across the street. But we have seen instances of devotion to nervous old ladies which leads us to regard such complaints as unfounded.

A BROADWAY SCENE IN A FEBRUARY THAW.—[Drawn by Hennessy.]

JERUSALEM FRUIT-CARRIERS.

The country around the ancient city of Jerusalem, viewed from the Mount of Olives, appears like a dreary landscape of barren hills and rocks intersected by dry ravines; but, hidden from casual observation among the hollows, where water-springs have infused a milder and more genial nature into the relenting soil, there are green and fertile spots where grass and fruit trees flourish. It is certain that this very district was anciently blessed with an abundant growth of all that the earth can yield in that delightful climate to furnish enjoyment to human beings. The names of the towns and villages—such as Bethany, which means the house of dates; Bethphage, the house of figs; Jericho, the city of palms; and Kirjath-Jearim, the town of groves, called by the Arabs now Kuriet-el-Enab, or the town of grapes—attest the former praises of the land. At Ramleh, between Jerusalem and the sea, the verdure of the fields, diversified with flowers of every hue, is described as a charming scene, at least in the season of spring. The neighborhood of Solomon's Pools, on the southeast side of Jerusalem, with Wady Urtas, the supposed site of his gardens of Etham, is a spot not less attractive.

The winter at Jerusalem is so mild that in places sheltered by the rocks, as here, the oranges, dates, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, almonds, peaches, apricots, and other fruit-bearing plants require no screen or covering. The olive and the mulberry still grow on the Mount of Olives. The sycamore-fig, the prickly-pear, the apple, the quince, and the plum, as well as the vine, which might by skillful culture yield excellent wine, are found to thrive as they did of yore. The train of fruit-sellers shown in the illustration on page 188, traveling from the coun-

try to Jerusalem, was sketched by an artist on the spot. It can not differ much from what might have been seen there 1800 or 1900 years ago, for the costumes and manners of the people in Syria have undergone but little change since the time of Herod and Pilate.

THE FROZEN CREW.

Near by the light-house, whose lamp is lit
By a brand from the sun which is firing it,

Doubling the gleams from the west that quiver,
A crystal ship lies out on the river.

Frost-woven sheets to the wind are furled;
Frost-bound the streamer on topmast curled;

Reef-band and mainsail are frozen stark—
A shimmering spectre, the frozen bark!

Smooth cordage of ice was spun last night
By the breath of the storm in its mystic might;

Chill was its touch, that chilled the men,
Who strove to lower the sails again;

But it conquered them all in its silver snare,
And fashioned a shroud for the bravest there!

Only a day from the harbor bar
Had the canvas filled for its port afar;

Only a day of breezes brave
Had challenged the bark to mount the wave;

Only a day of quickened life,
As the air with its pulse of health was rife,

Had this ship, with its store of golden corn,
Over the gladdened sea been borne,

When feathery flakes began to fall,
And the king of the storm outspake, to call

To his aid the help of wind and sleet—
Furies that came on hurrying feet,

And blinded the men, and clouded the air
With a wonder that ever is wondrous fair:

A spell that a siren might weave in hate,
To lure her victim to helpless fate,

Yet never so mockingly cruel as when
One, the most fearless among the men,

Sprang to the top with heart to dare,
And was frozen stiff to the cross-tree there!

Long the battle with wind and hail;
One by one the stout hearts quail;

One by one they are frost-numbed all—
The gallant crew in their icy thrall!

Breaks the morning in smiles once more;
Turned is the weird ship back to shore;

Slowly it plows the sea-slush through—
The ghostly ship, with its silent crew—

Till out from the light-house succor comes,
And the men are borne to sorrowing homes:

Some to yield to an endless night,
Blind to the blessing of cheerful light;

Some to suffer a torturing pain,
As the sealed life-current is loosed again,

Or to cry in the fever of struggling breath
To the man aloft who is dumb with Death—

While the mute ship lies, a spectral sight,
Clad in its vestments of shining white,

Unwarmed by the flames from the west which dip
To kindle the hold of the crystal ship,

And halo the head of the sleeping man
Who froze at his post when the storm began.

Mary B. Dodge.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XX.

"A child forsaken, waking suddenly,
Whose gaze afeard on all things round doth rove,
And seeth only that it can not see
The meeting eyes of love."

Two hours later Dorothea was seated in an inner room or boudoir of a handsome apartment in the Via Sistina.

I am sorry to add that she was sobbing bitterly, with such abandonment to this relief of an oppressed heart as a woman habitually controlled by pride on her own account and thoughtfulness for others will sometimes allow herself when she feels securely alone. And Mr. Casaubon was certain to remain away for some time at the Vatican.

Yet Dorothea had no distinctly shapen grievance that she could state even to herself; and in the midst of her confused thought and passion the mental act that was struggling forth into clearness was a self-accusing cry that her feeling of desolation was the fault of her own spiritual poverty. She had married the man of her choice, and with the advantage over most girls that she had contemplated her marriage chiefly as the beginning of new duties: from the very first she had thought of Mr. Casaubon as having a mind so much above her own that he must often be claimed by studies which she could not entirely share; moreover, after the brief, narrow experience of her girlhood she was beholding Rome, the city of visible history, where the past of a whole hemisphere seems moving in funeral procession with strange ancestral images and trophies gathered from afar.

But this stupendous fragmentariness heightened the dream-like strangeness of her bridal life. Dorothea had now been five weeks in Rome, and in the kindly mornings, when autumn and winter seemed to go hand in hand like a happy aged couple one of whom would presently survive in chiller loneliness, she had driven about at first with Mr. Casaubon, but of late chiefly with Tantripp and their experienced courier. She had been led through the best galleries, had been taken to the chief points of view, had been shown the grandest ruins and the most glorious churches, and she had ended by oftenest choosing to drive out to the Campagna, where she could feel alone with the earth and sky, away from the oppressive masquerade of ages, in which her own life too seemed to become a masque with enigmatical costumes.

To those who have looked at Rome with the quickening power of a knowledge which breathes a growing soul into all historic shapes, and traces out the suppressed transitions which unite all contrasts, Rome may still be the spiritual centre and interpreter of the world. But let them conceive one more historical contrast: the gigantic broken revelations of that Imperial and Papal city thrust abruptly on the notions of a girl who had been brought up in English and Swiss Puritanism, fed on meagre Protestant histories and on art chiefly of the hand-screen sort; a girl whose ardent nature turned all her small allowance of knowledge into principles, fusing her actions into their mould, and whose quick emotions gave the most abstract things the quality of a pleasure or a pain; a girl who had lately become a wife, and from the enthusiastic acceptance of untried duty found herself plunged in tumultuous preoccupation with her personal lot. The weight of unintelligible Rome might lie easily on bright nymphs to whom it formed a background for the brilliant picnic of Anglo-foreign society; but Dorothea had no such defense against deep impressions. Ruins and basilicas, palaces and colossi, set in the midst of a sordid present, where all that was living and warm-blooded seemed sunk in the deep degeneracy of a superstition divorced from reverence; the dimmer but yet eager Titanic life gazing and struggling on walls and ceilings; the long vistas of white forms whose marble eyes seemed to hold the monotonous light of an alien world: all this vast wreck of ambitious ideals, sensuous and spiritual, mixed confusedly with the signs of breathing forgetfulness and degradation, at first jarred her as with an electric shock, and then urged themselves on her with that ache belonging to a glut of confused ideas which check the flow of emotion. Forms both pale and glowing took possession of her young sense, and fixed themselves in her memory even when she was not thinking of them, preparing strange associations which remained through her after-years. Our moods are apt to bring with them images which succeed each other like the magic-lantern pictures of a doze; and in certain states of dull forlornness Dorothea all her life continued to see the vastness of St. Peter's, the huge bronze canopy, the excited intention in the attitudes and garments of the prophets and evangelists in the mosaics above, and the red drapery which was being hung for Christmas spreading itself every where like a disease of the retina.

Not that this inward amazement of Dorothea's was any thing very exceptional: many souls in their young nudity are tumbled out among incongruities and left to "find their feet" among them, while their elders go about their business. Nor can I suppose that when Mrs. Casaubon is discovered in a fit of weeping six weeks after her wedding, the situation will be regarded as tragic. Some discouragement, some faintness of heart at the new real future which replaces the imaginary, is not unusual, and we do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind; and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

However, Dorothea was crying, and if she had been required to state the cause, she could only have done so in some such general words as I have already used: to have been driven to be more particular would have been like trying to give a history of the lights and shadows; for that new real future which was replacing the imaginary drew its material from the endless minutiæ by which her view of Mr. Casaubon and her wifely relations, now that she was married to him, was gradually changing with the secret motion of a watch-hand from what it had been in her maiden dream. It was too early yet for her fully to recognize or at least admit the change, still more for her to have readjusted that devotedness which was so necessary a part of her mental life that she was almost sure sooner or later to recover it. Permanent rebellion, the disorder of a life without some loving reverent resolve, was not possible to her; but she was now in an interval when the very force of her nature heightened its confusion. In this way the early months of marriage often are times of critical tumult—whether that of a shrimp-pool or of deeper waters—which afterward subsides into cheerful peace.

But was not Mr. Casaubon just as learned as before? Had his forms of expression changed, or his sentiments become less laudable? O waywardness of womanhood! did his chronology fail him; or his ability to state not only a theory but the names of those who held it; or his prevision for giving the heads of any subject on demand? And was not Rome the place in all the world to give free play to such accomplishments? Besides, had not Dorothea's enthusiasm especially dwelt on the prospect of relieving the weight and perhaps the sadness with which great tasks lie on him who has to achieve them?—And that such weight pressed on Mr. Casaubon was only plainer than before.

All these are crushing questions; but whatever else remained the same, the light had changed, and you can not find the pearly dawn at noonday. The fact is unalterable, that a fellow-mortal with whose nature you are acquainted solely through the brief entrances and exits of a few imaginative weeks called courtship may, when seen in the continuity of married companionship, be disclosed as something better or worse than what you have preconceived, but will certainly not appear altogether the same. And it would be astonishing to find how soon the change is felt if we had no kindred changes to compare with it. To share lodgings with a brilliant dinner companion, or to see your favorite politician in the Ministry, may bring about changes quite as rapid: in these cases too we begin by knowing little and believing much, and we sometimes end by inverting the quantities.

Still, such comparisons might mislead, for no man was more incapable of flashy make-believe than Mr. Casaubon: he was as genuine a character as any ruminant animal, and he had not actively assisted in creating any illusions about himself. How was it that in the weeks since her marriage Dorothea had not distinctly observed, but felt with a stifling depression, that the large vistas and wide fresh air which she had dreamed of finding in her husband's mind were replaced by anterooms and winding passages which seemed to lead nowhither? I suppose it was that in courtship every thing is regarded as provisional and preliminary, and the smallest sample of virtue or accomplishment is taken to guarantee delightful stores which the broad leisure of marriage will reveal. But the door-sill of marriage once crossed, expectation is concentrated on the present. Having once embarked on your marital voyage, it is impossible not to be aware that you make no way, and that the sea is not within sight—that, in fact, you are exploring an inclosed basin.

In their conversation before marriage Mr. Casaubon had often dwelt on some explanation or questionable detail of which Dorothea did not see the bearing; but such imperfect coherence seemed due to the brokenness of their intercourse, and, supported by her faith in their future, she had listened with fervid patience to a recitation of possible arguments to be brought against Mr. Casaubon's entirely new view of the Philistine god Dagon and other fish-deities, thinking that hereafter she should see this subject which touched him so nearly from the same high ground whence doubtless it had become so important to him. Again, the matter-of-course statement and tone of dismissal with which he treated what to her were the most stirring thoughts, was easily accounted for as belonging to the sense of haste and preoccupation in which she herself shared during their engagement. But now, since they had been in Rome, with all the depth of her emotion roused to tumultuous activity, and with life made a new problem by new elements, she had been becoming more and more aware, with a certain terror, that her mind was continually sliding into inward fits of anger and repulsion, or else into forlorn weariness. How far the judicious Hooker or any other hero of erudition would have been the same at Mr. Casaubon's time of life, she had no means of knowing, so that he could not have the advantage of comparison; but her husband's way of commenting on the strangely impressive objects around them had begun to affect her with a sort of mental shiver: he had perhaps the best intention of acquitting himself worthily, but only of acquitting himself. What was fresh to her mind was worn out to his; and such capacity of thought and feeling as had ever been stimulated in him by the general life of mankind had long shrunk to a sort of dried preparation, a lifeless embalmment of knowledge.

When he said, "Does this interest you, Dorothea? Shall we stay a little longer? I am ready to stay if you wish it"—it seemed to her as if going or staying were alike dreary. Or, "Should you like to go to the Farnesina, Dorothea? It contains celebrated frescoes designed or painted by Raphael, which most persons think it worth while to visit."

"But do you care about them?" was always Dorothea's question.

"They are, I believe, highly esteemed. Some of them represent the fable of Cupid and Psyche, which is probably the romantic invention of a literary period, and can not, I think, be reckoned as a genuine mythical product. But if you like these wall-paintings we can easily drive thither; and you will then, I think, have seen the chief works of Raphael, any of which it were a pity to omit on a visit to Rome. He is the painter who has been held to combine the most complete grace of form with sublimity of expression. Such at least I have gathered to be the opinion of conoscenti."

This kind of answer, given in a measured official tone, as of a clergyman reading according to the rubric, did not help to justify the glories of the Eternal City, or to give her the hope that if she knew more about them the world would be joyously illuminated for her. There is hardly any contact more depressing to a young ardent creature than that of a mind in which years full of knowledge seem to have issued in a blank absence of interest or sympathy.

On other subjects indeed Mr. Casaubon showed a tenacity of occupation and an eagerness which are usually regarded as the effect of enthusiasm, and Dorothea was anxious to follow this spontaneous direction of his thoughts, instead of being made to feel that she dragged him away from it. But she was gradually ceasing to expect with her former delightful confidence that she should see any wide opening where she followed him. Poor Mr. Casaubon himself was lost among small closets and winding stairs, and in an agitated dimness about the Cabeiri, or in an exposure of other mythologists' ill-considered parallels, easily lost sight of any purpose which had prompted him to these labors. With his taper stuck before him he forgot the absence of windows, and in bitter manuscript remarks on other men's notions about the solar deities he had become indifferent to the sunlight.

These characteristics, fixed and unchangeable as bone in Mr. Casaubon, might have remained longer unfelt by Dorothea if she had been encouraged to put forth her girlish and womanly feeling—if he would have held her hands between his and listened with the delight of tenderness and understanding to all the little histories which made up her experience, and would have given her the same sort of intimacy in return, so that the past life of each could be included in their mutual knowledge and affection—or if she could have fed her affection with those child-like caresses which are the bent of every sweet woman, who has begun by showering kisses on the hard pate of her bald doll, creating a happy soul within that woodenness from the wealth of her own love. That was Dorothea's bent. With all her yearning to know what was afar from her and to be widely benignant, she had ardor enough for what was near to have kissed Mr. Casaubon's coat sleeve, or to have caressed his shoe latchet, if he would have made any other sign of acceptance than pronouncing her, with his unfailing propriety, to be a most affectionate and truly feminine nature, indicating at the same time by politely reaching a chair for her that he regarded these manifestations as crude and startling. Having made his clerical toilet with due care in the morning, he was prepared only for those amenities of life which were suited to the well-adjusted stiff cravat of the period, and to a mind weighted with unpublished matter.

And by a sad contradiction Dorothea's ideas and resolves seemed like melting ice floating and lost in the warm flood of which they had been but another form. She was humiliated to find herself a mere victim of feeling, as if she could know nothing except through that medium: all her strength was scattered in fits of agitation, of struggle, of despondency, and then again in visions of more complete renunciation, transforming all hard conditions into duty. Poor Dorothea! she was certainly troublesome—to herself chiefly; but this morning for the first time she had been troublesome to Mr. Casaubon.

She had begun, while they were taking coffee, with a determination to shake off what she inwardly called her selfishness, and turned a face all cheerful attention to her husband when he said, "My dear Dorothea, we must now think of all that is yet left undone as a preliminary to our departure. I would fain have returned home earlier, that we might have been at Lowick for the Christmas; but my inquiries here have been protracted beyond their anticipated period. I trust, however, that the time here has not been passed unpleasantly to you. Among the sights of Europe, that of Rome has ever been held one of the most striking and in some respects edifying. I well remember that I considered it an epoch in my life when I visited it for the first time: after the fall of Napoleon—an event which opened the Continent to travelers. Indeed, I think it is one among several cities to which an extreme hyperbole has been applied—'See Rome and die:' but in your case I would propose an emendation and say, See Rome as a bride, and live thenceforth as a happy wife."

Mr. Casaubon pronounced this little speech with the most conscientious intention, blinking a little and swaying his head up and down, and concluding with a smile. He had not found marriage a rapturous state, but he had no idea of being any thing else than an irreproachable husband, who would make a charming young woman as happy as she deserved to be.

"I hope you are thoroughly satisfied with our stay—I mean, with the result so far as your studies are concerned," said Dorothea, trying to keep her mind fixed on what most affected her husband.

"Yes," said Mr. Casaubon, with that peculiar pitch of voice which makes the word half a negative. "I have been led farther than I had foreseen, and various subjects for annotation have presented themselves which, though I have no direct need of them, I could not pretermit. The task, notwithstanding the assistance of my amanuensis, has been a somewhat laborious one; but your society has happily prevented me from that too continuous prosecution of thought beyond the hours of study which has been the snare of my solitary life."

"I am very glad that my presence has made any difference to you," said Dorothea, who had a vivid memory of evenings in which she had supposed that Mr. Casaubon's mind had gone too deep during the day to be able to get to the surface again. I fear there was a little temper in her reply. "I hope when we get to Lowick I shall be more useful to you, and be able to enter a little more into what interests you."

"Doubtless, my dear," said Mr. Casaubon, with a slight bow. "The notes I have here made will want sifting, and you can, if you please, extract them under my direction."

"And all your notes," said Dorothea, whose heart had already burned within her on this subject, so that now she could not help speaking with her tongue. "All those rows of volumes—will you not now do what you used to speak of?—will you not make up your mind what part of them you will use, and begin to write the book which will make your vast knowledge useful to the world? I will write to your dictation, or I will copy and extract what you tell me: I can be of no other use." Dorothea, in a most unaccountable, darkly feminine manner, ended with a slight sob and eyes full of tears.

The excessive feeling manifested would alone have been highly disturbing to Mr. Casaubon, but there were other reasons why Dorothea's words were among the most cutting and irritating to him that she could have been impelled to use. She was as blind to his inward troubles as he to hers: she had not yet learned those hidden conflicts in her husband which claim our pity. She had not yet listened patiently to his heart-beats, but only felt that her own was beating violently.

In Mr. Casaubon's ear Dorothea's voice gave loud emphatic iteration to those muffled suggestions of consciousness which it was possible to explain as mere fancy, the illusion of exaggerated sensitiveness: always when such suggestions are unmistakably repeated from without they are resisted as cruel and unjust. We are angered even by the full acceptance of our humiliating confessions—how much more by hearing in hard distinct syllables from the lips of a near observer those confused murmurs which we try to call morbid, and strive against as if they were the on-coming of numbness! And this cruel outward accuser was there in the shape of a wife—nay, of a young bride, who, instead of observing his abundant pen-scratches and amplitude of paper with the uncritical awe of an elegant-minded canary-bird, seemed to present herself as a spy watching every thing with a malign power of inference. Here, toward this particular point of the compass, Mr. Casaubon had a sensitiveness to match Dorothea's, and an equal quickness to imagine more than the fact. He had formerly observed with approbation her capacity for worshiping the right object; he now foresaw with sudden terror that this capacity might be replaced by presumption, this worship by the most exasperating of all criticism—that which sees vaguely a great many fine ends, and has not the least notion what it costs to reach them.

For the first time since Dorothea had known him, Mr. Casaubon's face had a quick angry flush upon it.

"My love," he said, with irritation reined in by propriety, "you may rely upon me for knowing the times and the seasons adapted to the different stages of a work which is not to be measured by the facile conjectures of ignorant on-lookers. It had been easy for me to gain a temporary effect by a mirage of baseless opinion; but it is ever the trial of the scrupulous explorer to be saluted with the impatient scorn of chatterers who attempt only the smallest achievements, being indeed equipped for no other. And it were well if all such could be admonished to discriminate judgments of which the true subject-matter lies entirely beyond their reach, from those of which the elements may be compassed by a narrow and superficial survey."

This speech was delivered with an energy and readiness quite unusual with Mr. Casaubon. It was not indeed entirely an improvisation, but had taken shape in inward colloquy, and rushed out like the round grains from a fruit when sudden heat cracks it. Dorothea was not only his wife: she was a personification of that shallow world which surrounds the ill-appreciated or desponding author.

Dorothea was indignant in her turn. Had she not been repressing every thing in herself except the desire to enter into some fellowship with her husband's chief interests?

"My judgment *was* a very superficial one—such as I am capable of forming," she answered, with a prompt resentment, that needed no rehearsal. "You showed me the rows of note-books—you have often spoken of them—you have often said that they wanted digesting. But I never heard you speak of the writing that is to be published. Those were very simple facts, and my judgment went no farther. I only begged you to let me be of some good to you."

Dorothea rose to leave the table, and Mr. Casaubon made no reply, taking up a letter which lay beside him, as if to reperuse it. Both were shocked at their mutual situation—that each should have betrayed anger toward the other. If they had been at home, settled at Lowick in ordinary life among their neighbors, the clash would have been less embarrassing: but on a wedding journey, the express object of which is to isolate two people on the ground that they are all the world to each other, the sense of disagreement is, to say the least, confounding and stultifying. To have changed your longitude extensively, and placed yourselves in a moral solitude in order to have small explosions, to find conversation difficult, and to hand a glass of water without looking, can hardly be regarded as satisfactory fulfillment even to the toughest minds. To Dorothea's inexperienced sensitiveness it seemed like a catastrophe, changing all prospects; and to Mr. Casaubon it was a new pain, he never having been on a wedding journey before, or found himself in that close union which was more of a subjection than he had been able to imagine, since this charming young bride not only obliged him to much consideration on her behalf (which he had sedulously given), but turned out to be capable of agitating him cruelly just where he most needed soothing. Instead of getting a soft fence against the cold, shadowy, unapplausive audience of his life, had he only given it a more substantial presence?

Neither of them felt it possible to speak again at present. To have reversed a previous arrangement and declined to go out would have been a show of persistent anger which Dorothea's conscience shrank from, seeing that she already began to feel herself guilty. However just her indignation might be, her ideal was not to claim justice, but to give tenderness. So when the carriage came to the door, she drove with Mr. Casaubon to the Vatican, walked with him through the stony avenue of inscriptions, and when she parted with him at the entrance to the Library, went on through the Museum out of mere listlessness as to what was around her. She had not spirit to turn round and say that she would drive any where. It was when Mr. Casaubon was quitting her that Naumann had first seen her, and he had entered the long gallery of sculpture at the same time with her; but here Naumann had to await Ladislaw, with whom he was to settle a bet of Champagne about an enigmatical medieval-looking figure there. After they had examined the figure, and had walked on finishing their dispute, they had parted, Ladislaw lingering behind while Naumann had gone into the Hall of Statues, where he again saw Dorothea, and saw her in that brooding abstraction which made her pose remarkable. She did not really see the streak of sunlight on the floor more than she saw the statues: she was inwardly seeing the light of years to come in her own home and over the English fields and elms and hedge-bordered high-roads; and feeling that the way in which they might be filled with joyful devotedness was not so clear to her as it had been. But in Dorothea's mind there was a current into which all thought and feeling were apt sooner or later to flow—the reaching forward of the whole consciousness toward the fullest truth, the least partial good. There was clearly something better than anger and despondency.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FEW weeks ago a bill was introduced into Congress for the purpose of setting apart a tract of land lying near the head waters of the Yellow Stone River for a public park, to be forever held by the United States, and secured against occupation by private parties by pre-emption or otherwise. This region, as is well known, has been explored during the past year by Professor HAYDEN and his party, and it is mainly from his representation that the subject has been brought before Congress.

The Senate has just passed a bill for the purpose in question, and it is presumed the House will concur. This reserves a space about sixty by fifty miles, embracing the geysers, hot springs, mud volcanoes, and other wonderful natural curiosities of the region. The policy of taking this action at the present time has been suggested by the fact that the Yosemite, which was also reserved by Congress for a public park, and placed in trust of the State of California, has had its best portion pre-empted by some settlers, who are now before Congress to secure the amount of their selection.

It is proposed to place the Yellow Stone reservation under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, who is to have exclusive control, and who is as speedily as possible to make such regulations and take such steps as may be required to protect the public property. He is also authorized to grant leases for building purposes for terms not exceeding ten years, and to include in the grant such small parcels of ground as may be necessary to accommodate visitors at these places. The funds derived by the United States from the proceeds of such leases are to be expended in the management of the property and the construction of roads and bridle-paths. The destruction of game on the reservation is positively forbidden.

From experiments prosecuted by Dr. JEANNEL it would appear that food, both animal and vegetable, cooked at 200° F. is more nutritious and of better flavor than that boiled at 212° F., the usual boiling-point of water at the level of the sea. The experience of cooking at different altitudes on elevated mountains corroborates this indication, as does also the working of the so-called Norwegian cooking apparatus.

As is well known to his correspondents, Mr. DARWIN has been engaged for some time past in endeavoring to ascertain whether the movements of the muscles used to express emotions among civilized nations are employed under similar circumstances by the different savage tribes, as also to what extent such movements are shared by the brutes, such as monkeys, dogs, etc. The question, too, whether the use of the right hand in preference to the left is common to all nations has also occupied Mr. DARWIN's attention. Inquiries of travelers among the North American Indians have resulted in showing that the right hand is used by them generally just as among civilized people, and, indeed, that left-handed persons are looked upon as possessed of some evil spirit, and are as much contemned as if they were deformed.

A gratifying tribute to the excellence of the American medical faculty is paid in a recent number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, in which it is stated, as an illustration of the thoroughness of the inquiries prosecuted in this country, that half of the best text-books available for use in the English language are American in their origin.

URIAH A. BOYDEN, of Boston, has deposited with the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, the sum of one thousand dollars, to be awarded as a premium to any resident of North America who shall determine by experiment whether all rays of light, and other physical rays, are or are not transmitted with the same velocity. The conditions of the premium limit the applicants to those living north of the southern boundary of Mexico, and including the West India Islands. Applications must be made before the 1st of January, 1873, at which time the judges, appointed by the Franklin Institute, shall examine the memoirs and decide whether any one is entitled to the premium.

The return of Professor C. F. HARTT, of Ithaca, from his late expedition to Brazil, has been already announced in the papers; and we are glad to learn that he succeeded in making many important discoveries in natural history and the geography of the country, and especially the languages of the native tribes. By his researches in this latter direction he has already become quite an authority, and, we presume, will before long begin to publish his linguistic results. In the course of his expedition Professor HARTT took occasion to examine the great Kjoekken-moedding, near Santarem, referred to by various travelers, which, however, yielded him only a few fragments of coarse pottery and a few bones. He was very fortunate in the opportunity of excavating the sites of a number of Indian villages on the edge of the bluffs bordering the Amazon and the Tapajos, in the angle made by the two rivers. Here he found an immense quantity of broken pottery, often highly ornamented—idols, stone implements, etc., probably derived from the Tapajos, now extinct as a tribe, or merged into the mixed Indian population of the Amazon.

In an ancient burial-place on the Tapajos he dug up a number of burial-pots; none, however, containing complete skeletons. An examination of the mounds of the island of Marajo was to be made by some of his associates who remained behind.

Mr. HOWORTH calls attention to certain changes in the surface of the globe, affecting the ancient ethnography, and endeavors to show that, at the present time, the area of upheaval in the northern hemisphere is confined to the land bordering the polar sea and to the polar sea itself; also that the upheaval is perfectly continuous all round the earth, and is greatest near the pole, gradually diminishing until it disappears about the 57th parallel, and leading to the conclusion that the focus of upheaval is the pole itself. This suggestion is supported by citations of various authors as to the difference in the distribution of land and water in the northern countries at an early period and at the present time, illustrations being drawn from various parts of Scandinavia, Spitzbergen, Northern Siberia, etc. In Spitzbergen and the polar sea of Siberia it is said that the water has shallowed so fast as to have excluded the right whale, which formerly was known to abound there; and the occurrence of skeletons of whales high up on the northern shores, of species of shells on considerable elevations similar to those of the adjacent waters, still retaining their color, and many other arguments, are brought forward to prove the probability of the suggestion.

Ornithologists will be glad to learn that Mr. E. L. LAYARD has been recently appointed British consul at Para, in Brazil. This gentleman is well known for the services he has rendered to science in his investigations of the fauna of Ceylon and South Africa, and the valuable memoirs published by him upon the birds of those regions. It is not improbable that he may devote himself to a similar enterprise in Brazil, which will, without doubt, be of much value.

The Copley Medal, one of the highest prizes within the gift of the Royal Society of London, has lately been adjudged to Professor JULIUS ROBERT MAYER, of Heilbronn, as a recognition of investigations which embrace some of the most profound subjects of philosophy and physical science; as, for example, the forces of inorganic nature, organic movement in connection with nutrition, celestial dynamics, the economical equivalent of heat, etc. A medal was also granted to Dr. STENHOUSE for important chemical researches, having special application to the arts and to agriculture.

The nature of the food of the shad has long been a problem, as, when ascending rivers in the spring, their stomachs are generally found entirely empty. A communication by Professor LEIDY, published in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, in 1868, may tend to throw some light on this subject. In this paper, which bears date October 20, he states that he had just examined specimens recently caught in the Delaware and off the New Jersey coast, and found the stomachs full of small fishes from two to four inches in length, belonging to the species known as sand-lances (*Ammodytes americanus*), of which as many as thirty were found in a single stomach.

Efforts have been made in England to organize a party to proceed at once to Africa for the relief of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. This will probably be under the charge of Lieutenant DAWSON, of the Royal Navy, and a son of Dr. LIVINGSTONE will accompany it. Application was made to the British government for funds to defray the expense, but these have been refused; and it is probable that private subscriptions must be relied upon by this party. At the latest account £5000 had already been pledged.

The New York State Agricultural Society, at its annual meeting to be held during the present winter, proposes to discuss especially the subject of forestry, and expresses a desire to receive communications on the following subjects from any one having information to impart, to be addressed to the secretary of the society at Albany:

1. What proportion of the area of New York is covered by forest? 2. What is the average number of acres of timber annually cleared or destroyed? 3. To what extent are the forests annually renewed by nature or by planting? 4. What kinds of timber yield the greatest profit to the forester? 5. What length of time elapses between the planting of the seed and the maturity of the tree *for cord-wood?* and 6. How long between the planting of the seed and the maturity of the tree *for timber?* This information is desired for every species of forest tree grown in the State, as hickory, chestnut, ash, elm, etc. 7. Should trees be trimmed or left untrimmed in plantations? If they should be trimmed, what is the best method? 8. Is it more profitable to renew woodlands by planting or to let them grow up naturally by sprouting or otherwise? 9. Is it better management to clear all the wood from a piece of ground at once, or to cut only the most valuable trees, leaving the smaller ones to grow?

The report upon the progress of ornithology during the year 1870, by HARTLAUB, has just been distributed in pamphlet form in advance of its publication in WIEGMANN'S "Archives of Natural History." It is many years since Dr. HARTLAUB commenced the publication of this report, and he has continued it punctually ever since, and, with true German thoroughness, has made himself so entirely master of the current literature of the day as to leave but little chance for criticism.

In the January number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* we find a long letter from Dr. BESSELS, the chief of the scientific corps of the *Polaris*, dated at Upernavik, August 20, giving the details of his experiences up to that time. There is nothing of moment in it beyond that which we have already presented to our readers, as it simply reiterates the anticipations of success, and gives some particulars in regard to adventures by the way.

The Brazilian steamer to New York brings advices of the safe arrival at Pernambuco of the steamer *Hassler*, with Professor AGASSIZ and party. They were to leave for Rio Janeiro, in company with the *Ticonderoga*, on the 16th of January. As there are several gentlemen on board who have undertaken to supply information in regard to the movements of the vessel, we shall doubtless before long have full accounts of the progress made up to the date mentioned; although in regard to the subject of deep-sea soundings and supposed discoveries connected therewith we must probably wait, for correct details, for the official report to be made by Count POURTALÈS direct to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey.

As the period of the transit of Venus in 1874 approaches, astronomers both at home and abroad are becoming more and more active in their preparations; and the American committee on this subject, it is understood, has already decided in considerable part upon the stations to be occupied. Of the result of their conclusions we hope to give an account before long to our readers. In Russia the committee, under Professor STRUVE, proposes the establishment of a chain of observers, at positions 100 miles apart, along the region comprised between Kamschatka and the Black Sea. The German committee has decided on recommending the organization of four stations for heliometric observations of the planet during its transit, one of them in Japan or China, and the others probably at Mauritius, Kerguelen, and Auckland islands; and three of these, with the addition of a fourth station in Persia between Muscat and Teheran, will be equipped for photographic observations also. The French, before the war, suggested that stations be established at St. Paul Island, New Amsterdam, Yokohama, Tahiti, Noumea, Muscat, and Suez. How far this programme will be carried out under the changed circumstances of that country remains to be seen. The British preparations are said to be very far advanced, owing to the interest taken in the matter by the Astronomer Royal. The stations proposed by England are five in number—Woahoo, Kerguelen, and Rodriguez islands, Auckland, New Zealand, and Alexandria.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"LOOK here, stranger, that's my wife you are dancing with." "Well, what of it?" said Rackensack. "Why, this: you dance with her again, and I'll blow the top of your head off." "Now look here," said Rackensack, coolly, "do you see that umbrella setting there?" "Well, s'pose I do?" "Well, you handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, you even look at that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat—*and then I'll spread it!*"

THE WOMAN'S CLUB—The broomstick.

Why are birds melancholy in the mornings?—Because their little bills are all over dew.

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had abundance of that at home.

POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.—1. Between parsons and poultry—the one is clerical, the others lay. 2. Between a very old hat and Chiselhurst—one has the nap wholly off, the other the Nap wholly on (Napoleon). 3. Between the same hat and a gnat in a spider's web—the one is a napless hat, and the other a hapless gnat.

Calino got up the other night and fumbled round for the match-box in vain. "Oh," he cried, "if I could only get a match to find the box!"

"Thomas," said a father to his son, "don't let that girl make a fool of you. Look sharp. Remember the adage, that 'Love is blind.'" "Oh, that adage won't wash," said Tom: "talk about love's being blind! why, I see ten times as much in that girl as you do!"

NOTE FOR DARWIN.—In time the mulberry-tree becomes a silk gown—and a silk gown becomes a woman.

THE BOOK TO WHICH REFERENCE IS MOST FREQUENTLY MADE—The pocket-book.

A Yale Freshman writes home: "Went to recitation first time Tuesday, and on the way caught up with a young fellow who, in answer to my inquiry, said he was going to the same recitation I was. It seemed queer that so young a boy could have entered college. He asked me if I had looked at my lesson, and I said no, with a laugh. He laughed too. When the recitation began I noticed that the same fellow was conducting it."

In painting marine views is it not best to use water-colors?

What fruit is the most visionary?—The apple of the eye.

Dr. Abernethy rarely met his match, but on one occasion he fairly owned he had. He was sent for by an innkeeper who had quarreled with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said: "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?" "Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "may I not scratch my own head?"

A REVOLVER—The earth.

How a man hates to be seen sitting down on a slippery sidewalk!

A little Danbury girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they may have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night." The mother retreated.

Opelika, Alabama, has created a sensation by the new leap-year mode of eating philopenas in that place, as reported by the local editor of the *Locomotive*. The young lady takes the almond between her teeth, and the young gentleman bites it off.

It is said that the light of a match will frighten a wolf, but a love-match sometimes fails to keep the wolf from the door.

A candid old bachelor says, "After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world; it's a perfect honey-comb—full of sells."

"My dear Sir, I will pay you in time—and since time is money, the longer you wait the surer you are of your pay."

THE "PACIFIC MAILS"—Quiet husbands.

The steamer *Fanny* was coming down the Upper Mississippi, loaded with pig-lead. As she was going over a shoal place the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward was a green Irishman. "Why don't you heave the lead?" "Is it the lead, your honor? Where to?" "Overboard, you blockhead!" The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard; the mate, in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river. The captain, running to the deck, asked, "Why don't you heave the lead and sing out how much water there is?" "The lead is heaved, your honor, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is."

CATACOMB OF ST. THRASO AND ST. SATURNINUS.

ARCOSOLIUM IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS.

VIEWS IN THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 193.]

IDOLATRY AT ROME.

THE BAMBINO AT THE ARA CŒLI.

One of the most startling of the lingering idolatries of Europe is the adoration of the Bambino at Rome. It has the flavor of some old Sabine or Latin superstition, and seems to have ingrafted itself upon Christianity from the earliest and rudest forms of the pagan faith. The Bambino is an infant Christ wrapped in swaddling-clothes. On Epiphany-eve it is exhibited in the Church of Ara Cœli in a kind of puppet-show. The image is covered with gems; the shepherds, kings, and magi are represented in little figures adoring it; a vast crowd, chiefly from the country, fills the church to witness the spectacle; mothers bring their infants to gaze on the glittering idol; solemn monks and papal priests, acolytes with candles and censers, and mitred bishops, bow abjectly before the image, and twice taking it from amidst the magi and the shepherds, bear it in a solemn procession through the crowd to present it to the faithful people.

Rustics from the Campagna and the ignorant populace of the city imitate the priests in adoring the graven image. The Romish Church has established the worship of the Bambino; pope and councils lend it their support. The procession of monks, priests, and bishops moves with chants and swinging censers around the shrine of Ara Cœli. The little crowned doll has become one of the favorite idols of Rome. But of all the virtues of the Bambino its healing powers are most prized. It was carved, the priests relate, from the wood of Mount Olivet, was painted by St. Luke, and must have imbibed the medical powers of the good physician; for the ignorant populace are taught to bring their sick to its altar, pay their fees, and implore its healing virtue. The Bambino, it is said, receives a larger income than any other medical practitioner at Rome.

Common schools, however, have recently been introduced into the papal city, and it is probable that the adoration of the pagan doll will cease. If Rome is educated, its idols will be cast down. The Bambino must be cut up for kindling-wood, and its train of monks and priests be dismissed to seek some more honest means of living. One hope may still remain for the Roman puppet-show. We have native converts to the papal idolatries among us whose faith is not shaken by the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and who, when the Bambino is banished from the Holy City, may escort him in triumph to New York.

THE BAMBINO IN THE CHURCH OF ARA CŒLI, ROME.

THE CATACOMBS.

Often the wanderer on the Roman Campagna is arrested by a deep pit or chasm in the sandy soil; earthquakes, heavy rains, or slow decay have broken an opening into the endless galleries of the Catacombs that run in every direction beneath him; the earth is hollowed into a network of mines, and frightful stories are sometimes narrated of travelers who have fallen or strayed into one of these pitfalls and been lost and famished in the labyrinth that no one has yet ever perfectly explored. Their bones have been found mingled with those of the martyrs. But to the early Christians these sandy cemeteries were often scenes of safety in moments of persecution, and of joyful worship in the early years of the triumphs of their faith. When the

pagan emperors threatened or harassed the Roman congregations, tortured them on crosses, or flung them to the wild beasts of the Coliseum, the trembling throng of priests and bishops, women and children, who escaped, descended into the gloomy caverns of the Catacombs. Deep beneath the surface of the Campagna they lived among the dead, and celebrated their simple worship in caves cut out of the sand. Nor even here were they always secure: the Roman soldiers sometimes penetrated into their retreat, shed the blood of presbyters and people without remorse, and transformed the gloomy caverns into a true Inferno.

But after the fall of paganism the Catacombs were looked upon with singular veneration by the rejoicing Christians. There they had found safety in the time of danger; there the faint spark of faith had been kept from utter extinction. They now often descended into the mines beneath the Campagna, but no longer with terror and gloom. They met to celebrate, in the chapels of sand, the conquests of the faith. Christianity ruled the world. But for the friendly shelter of the Catacombs it might long ago have been extinguished, at least in Rome. They made the chapels and the galleries, that once ran with the blood of the martyrs, resound with shouts of praise. JEROME relates that when he was a young student at Rome it was his usual practice on Sundays to wander out on the Campagna, descend into the solemn cemetery, and meditate amidst the tombs of the saints and martyrs. In later ages the Catacombs were almost wholly forgotten, until they were suddenly discovered anew in the sixteenth century, to the wonder of all Europe. They were at once explored with ardor. Relics of martyrs and saints were drawn from them in profusion and sold in great numbers, to the emolument of the papal treasury; pale scholars and gaunt and haggard monks wasted their lives in ceaseless wanderings through the endless vaults, some intent upon new discoveries, others hoping to extract from the inscriptions and rude pictures in the cemeteries a proof that the first Christians had worshiped idols or adored Mary, Queen of Heaven.

It is scarcely necessary to notice that the latter class of explorers found no reward for their toil. The Catacombs are a satisfactory refutation of the papal theories. They are galleries from three to five feet wide, and perhaps eight feet high, cut through the tufa and porous earth, crossing each other at right angles, or often interlacing and meeting in various convolutions. Along the sides shelves or ledges are cut, one above the other, to receive the bodies of the dead. Here they were placed, embalmed with spices and wrapped in fine linen. A marble slab was then placed over the opening, on which was sometimes traced the name, the age, and the date of the burial. Larger crypts or tombs are sometimes prepared for bishops or famous martyrs. Still loftier and more extensive excavations are found, at intervals, often communicating by an opening or shaft with the air above, which are supposed to have been chapels where the faithful met to worship. They are sometimes adorned with pictures from sacred history or emblematic figures—the dove, the fish, or the sheep and the good shepherd; but it is probable that as the Catacombs were visited, decorated, and enlarged as late as the sixth century, even these rude decorations are proofs of the decline of religious purity. Two interesting illustrations of these burial places are given on page 192.

Countless inscriptions have been copied from the mouldering slabs, and printed in DE ROSSI's costly and laborious volumes. The traveler who, led by a gaunt, spectral monk, half covered by a coarse brown robe, descends into the Catacombs from the Church of St. Sebastian, sees, by the faint glare of the torch, something of the gloomy horrors amidst which the early Christians found refuge. On the countless tombs is usually inscribed "May he rest in peace," "In Christ," or some simple expression of hope. The Jews had their own Catacombs. They, too, offer their touching records. On one Jewish tomb is written: "MARCIA, Bona Judæa. Dormitio Tua in Bonis." ("MARCIA, a good Jewess. Be thy sleep among the good!") On the Christian tombs the labarum of CONSTANTINE often appears. Why these endless galleries were excavated beneath the Campagna seems yet undetermined; they were probably sand-pits, from whence the Romans drew materials for building, and were afterward enlarged and rudely decorated, when the Christians began to use them for cemeteries or for hiding-places. Several ancient cities are surrounded by similar burial grounds hidden beneath the earth.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXVII.

WALPOLE ALONE.

ONCE more in his own room, Walpole returned to the task of that letter to Nina Kostalergi, of which he had made nigh fifty drafts, and not one with which he was satisfied.

It was not really very easy to do what he wished. He desired to seem a warm, rapturous, impulsive lover, who had no thought in life—no other hope or ambition—than the success of his suit. He sought to show that she had so enraptured and inthralled him that, until she consented to share his fortunes, he was a man utterly lost to life and life's ambitions; and while insinuating what a tremendous responsibility she would take on herself if she should venture, by a refusal of him, to rob the world of those abilities that the age could ill spare, he also dimly shadowed the natural pride a woman ought to feel in knowing that she was asked to be the partner of such a man; and that one for whom destiny in all likelihood reserved the highest rewards of public life was then, with the full consciousness of what he was and what awaited him, ready to share that proud eminence with her, as a prince might have offered to share his throne.

In spite of himself, in spite of all he could do, it was on this latter part of his letter his pen ran most freely. He could condense his raptures, he could control in most praiseworthy fashion all the extravagances of passion and the imaginative joys of love; but, for the life of him, he could abate nothing of the triumphant ecstasy that must be the feeling of the woman who had won him—the passionate delight of her who should be his wife, and enter life the chosen one of his affection.

It was wonderful how glibly he could insist on this to himself, and, fancying for the moment that he was one of the outer world commenting on the match, say: "Yes, let people decry the Walpole class how they might—they are elegant, they are exclusive, they are fastidious, they are all that you like to call the spoiled children of Fortune in their wit, their brilliancy, and their readiness, but they are the only men—the only men in the world—who marry—we'll not say for 'love,' for the phrase is vulgar—but who marry to please themselves! This girl had not a shilling. As to family, all is said when we say she was a Greek! Is there not something downright chivalrous in marrying such a woman? Is it the act of a worldly man?"

He walked the room, uttering this question to himself over and over. Not exactly that he thought disparagingly of worldliness and material advantages, but he had lashed himself into a false enthusiasm as to qualities which he thought had some special worshipers of their own, and whose good opinion might possibly be turned to profit somehow and somewhere, if he only knew how and where. It was a monstrous fine thing he was about to do; that he felt. Where was there another man in his position would take a portionless girl and make her his wife? Cadets and cornets in light dragoon regiments did these things; they liked their "bit of beauty;" and there was a sort of mock-poetry about these creatures that suited that sort of thing; but for a man who wrote his letters from Brookes's, and whose dinner invitations included all that was great in town, to stoop to such an alliance was as bold a defiance as one could throw at a world of self-seeking and conventionality.

"That Emperor of the French did it," cried he. "I can not recall to my mind another. He did the very same thing I am going to do. To be sure he had the 'pull on me' in one point. As he said himself, '*I* am a parvenu.' Now, *I* can not go that far! I must justify my act on other grounds, as I hope I can do," cried he, after a pause; while, with head erect and swelling chest, he went on: "I felt within me the place I yet should occupy. I knew—ay, knew—the prize that awaited me, and I asked myself, 'Do you see in any capital of Europe one woman with whom you would like to share this fortune? Is there one sufficiently gifted and graceful to make her elevation seem a natural and fitting promotion, and herself appear the appropriate occupant of the station?'

"She is wonderfully beautiful: there is no doubt of it. Such beauty as they have never seen here in their lives! Fanciful extravagances in dress and atrocious hair-dressing can not disfigure her; and by Jove! she has tried both. And one has only to imagine that woman dressed and 'coifféd' as she might be, to conceive such a triumph as London has not witnessed for the century! And I do long for such a triumph. If my lord would only invite us here, were it but for a week! We should be asked to Goreham and the Bexsmiths'. My lady never omits to invite a great beauty. It's *her* way to protest that she is still handsome, and not at all jealous. How are we to get 'asked' to Bruton Street?" asked he over and over, as though the sounds must secure the answer. "Maude will never permit it. The unlucky picture has settled *that* point. Maude will not suffer her to cross the threshold! But for the portrait I could bespeak my cousin's favor and indulgence for a somewhat countrified young girl, dowdy and awkward. I could plead for her good looks in that *ad misericordiam* fashion that disarms jealousy, and enlists her generosity for a humble connection she need never see more of! If I could only persuade Maude that I had done an indiscretion, and that I knew it, I should be sure of her friendship. Once make her believe that I have gone clean head over heels into a mésalliance, and our honeymoon here is assured. I wish I had not tormented her about Atlee. I wish with all my heart I had kept my impertinences to myself, and gone no further than certain dark hints about what I could say if I were to be evil-minded. What rare wisdom it is not to fire away one's last cartridge! I suppose it is too late now. She'll not forgive me that disparagement before my uncle—that is, if there be any thing between herself and Atlee, a point which a few minutes will settle when I see them together. It would not be very difficult to make Atlee regard me as his friend, and as one ready to aid him in this same ambition. Of course he is prepared to see in me the enemy of all his plans. What would he not give, or say, or do to find me his aider and abettor? Shrewd tactician as the fellow is, he will know all the value of having an accomplice within the fortress; and it would be exactly from a man like myself he might be disposed to expect the most resolute opposition."

He thought for a long time over this. He turned it over and over in his mind, canvassing all the various benefits any line of action might promise, and starting every doubt or objection he could imagine. Nor was the thought extraneous to his calculations that in forwarding Atlee's suit to Maude he was exacting the heaviest "vendetta" for her refusal of himself.

"There is not a woman in Europe," he exclaimed, "less fitted to encounter small means and a small station—to live a life of petty economies, and be the daily associate of a snob!

"What the fellow may become at the end of the race, what places he may win after years of toil and jobbery, I neither know nor care! *She* will be an old woman by that time, and will have had space enough in the interval to mourn over her rejection of me. I shall be a minister, not impossibly at some court of the Continent. Atlee, to say the best, an Under-Secretary of State for something, or a Poor Law or Education Chief. There will be just enough of disparity in our stations to fill her woman's heart with bitterness—the bitterness of having backed the wrong man!

"The unavailing regrets that beset us for not having taken the left-hand road in life instead of the right are our chief mental resources after forty, and they tell me that we men only know half the poignancy of these miserable recollections. Women have a special adaptiveness for this kind of torture—would seem actually to revel in it."

He turned once more to his desk and to the letter. Somehow he could make nothing of it. All the dangers that he desired to avoid so cramped his ingenuity that he could say little beyond platitudes; and he thought with terror of her who was to read them. The scornful contempt with which *she* would treat such a letter was all before him, and he snatched up the paper and tore it in pieces.

"It must not be done by writing," cried he at last. "Who is to guess for which of the fifty moods of such a woman a man's letter is to be composed? What you could say *now* you dared not have written half an hour ago. What would have gone far to gain her love yesterday, to-day will show you the door! It is only by consummate address and skill she can be approached at all, and, without her look and bearing, the inflections of her voice, her gestures, her 'pose,' to guide you, it would be utter rashness to risk her humor."

He suddenly bethought himself at this moment that he had many things to do in Ireland ere he left England. He had tradesmen's bills to settle, and "traps" to be got rid of. "Traps" included furniture and books, and horses and horse-gear—details which at first he had hoped his friend Lockwood would have taken off his hands; but Lockwood had only written him word that a Jew broker from Liverpool would give him forty pounds for his house effects, and as for the "screws," there was nothing but an auction.

Most of us have known at some period or other of our lives what it is to suffer from the painful disparagement our chattels undergo when they become objects of sale; but no adverse criticism of your bed or your book-case, your ottoman or your arm-chair, can approach the sense of pain inflicted by the impertinent comments on your horse. Every imputed blemish is a distinct personality, and you reject the insinuated spavin or the suggested splint as imputations on your honor as a gentleman. In fact, you are pushed into the pleasant dilemma of either being ignorant as to the defects of your beast, or willfully bent on an act of palpable dishonesty. When we remember that every confession a man makes of his unacquaintance with matters "horsey" is, in English acceptance, a count in the indictment against his claim to be thought a gentleman, it is not surprising that there will be men more ready to hazard their characters than their connoisseurship.

"I'll go over myself to Ireland," said he at last; "and a week will do every thing."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

LOCKWOOD was seated at his fireside in his quarters, the Upper Castle Yard, when Walpole burst in upon him unexpectedly.

"What! you here?" cried the major. "Have *you* the courage to face Ireland again?"

"I see nothing that should prevent my coming here. Ireland certainly can not pretend to lay a grievance to my charge."

"Maybe not. I don't understand these things. I only know what people say in the clubs and laugh over at dinner-tables."

"I can not affect to be very sensitive as to these Celtic criticisms, and I shall not ask you to recall them."

"They say that Danesbury got kicked out all for your blunders!"

"Do they?" said Walpole, innocently.

"Yes; and they declare that if old Daney wasn't the most loyal fellow breathing, he'd have thrown you over, and owned that the whole mess was of your own brewing, and that he had nothing to do with it."

"Do they, indeed, say that?"

"That's not half of it, for they have a story about a woman—some woman you met down at Kilgobbin—who made you sing rebel songs and take a Fenian pledge, and give your word of honor that Donogan should be let escape."

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough? A man must be a glutton for tomfoolery if he could not be satisfied with that."

"Perhaps you never heard that the chief of the Cabinet took a very different view of my Irish policy."

"Irish policy?" cried the other, with lifted eyebrows.

"I said Irish policy, and repeat the words. Whatever line of political action tends to bring legislation into more perfect harmony with the instincts and impulses of a very peculiar people, it is no presumption to call a policy."

"With all my heart. Do you mean to deal with that old Liverpool rascal for the furniture?"

"His offer is almost an insult."

"Well, you'll be gratified to know he retracts it. He says now he'll only give £35! And as for the screws, Bobbidge, of the Carbineers, will take them both for £50."

"Why, Lightfoot alone is worth the money!"

"Minus the sand-crack."

"I deny the sand-crack. She was pricked in the shoeing."

"Of course! I never knew a broken knee that wasn't got by striking the manger, nor a sand-crack that didn't come of an awkward smith."

"What a blessing it would be if all the bad reputations in society could be palliated as pleasantly!"

"Shall I tell Bobbidge you take his offer? He wants an answer at once."

"My dear major, don't you know that the fellow who says that simply means to say: 'Don't be too sure that I shall not change my mind! Look out that you take the ball at the hop!'"

"Lucky if it hops at all."

"Is that your experience of life?" said Walpole, inquiringly.

"It is one of them. Will you take £50 for the screws?"

"Yes; and as much more for the break and the dog-cart. I want every rap I can scrape together, Harry. I'm going out to Guatemala."

"I heard that."

"Infernal place; at least, I believe, in climate—reptiles—fevers—assassination—it stands without a rival."

"So they tell me."

"It was the only thing vacant; and they rather affected a difficulty about giving it."

"So they do when they send a man to the Gold Coast; and they tell the newspapers to say what a lucky dog he is."

"I can stand all that. What really kills me is giving a man the C.B. when he is just booked for some home of yellow fever."

"They do that too," gravely observed the other, who was beginning to feel the pace of the conversation rather too fast for him. "Don't you smoke?"

"I'm rather reducing myself to half batta in tobacco. I've thoughts of marrying."

"Don't do that."

"Why? It's not wrong."

"No, perhaps not; but it's stupid."

"Come now, old fellow, life out there in the tropics is not so jolly all alone. Alligators are interesting creatures, and cheetahs are pretty pets; but a man wants a little companionship of a more tender kind: and a nice girl who would link her fortunes with one's own, and help one through the sultry hours, is no bad thing."

"The nice girl wouldn't go there."

"I'm not so sure of that. With your great knowledge of life, you must know that there has been a glut in 'the nice-girl' market these years back. Prime lots are sold for a song occasionally, and first-rate samples sent as far as Calcutta. The truth is, the fellow who looks like a real buyer may have the pick of the fair, as they call it here."

"So he ought," growled out the major.

"The speech is not a gallant one. You are scarcely complimentary to the ladies, Lockwood."

"It was you who talked of a woman like a cow or a sack of corn, not I."

"I employed an illustration to answer one of your own arguments."

"Who is she to be?" bluntly asked the major.

"I'll tell you whom I mean to ask, for I have not put the question yet."

A long, fine whistle expressed the other's astonishment. "And are you sure she'll say yes?"

"I have no other assurance than the conviction that a woman might do worse."

"Humph! perhaps she might. I'm not quite certain; but who is she to be?"

"Do you remember a visit we made together to a certain Kilgobbin Castle?"

"To be sure I do. A rum old ruin it was."

"Do you remember two young ladies we met there?"

"Perfectly. Are you going to marry both of them?"

"My intention is to propose to one, and I imagine I need not tell you which?"

"Naturally, the Irish girl. She saved your life—"

"Pray let me undeceive you in a double error. It is not the Irish girl; nor did she save my life."

"Perhaps not; but she risked her own to save yours. You said so yourself at the time."

"We'll not discuss the point now. I hope I feel duly grateful for the young lady's heroism, though it is not exactly my intention to record my gratitude in a special license."

"A very equivocal sort of repayment," grumbled out Lockwood.

"You are epigrammatic this evening, major."

"So, then, it's the Greek you mean to marry?"

"It is the Greek I mean to ask."

"All right. I hope she'll take you. I think, on the whole, you suit each other. If I were at all disposed to that sort of bondage, I don't know a girl I'd rather risk the road with than the Irish cousin, Miss Kearney."

"She is very pretty, exceedingly obliging, and has most winning manners."

"She is good-tempered, and she is natural—the two best things a woman can be."

"Why not come down along with me and try your luck?"

"When do you go?"

"By the 10.30 train to-morrow. I shall arrive at Moate by four o'clock, and reach the Castle to dinner."

"They expect you?"

"Only so far that I have telegraphed a line to say I'm going down to bid 'good-by' before I sail for Guatemala. I don't suspect they know where that is, but it's enough when they understand it is far away."

"I'll go with you."

"Will you really?"

"I will. I'll not say on such an errand as your own, because that requires a second thought or two; but I'll reconnoitre, Master Cecil—I'll reconnoitre."

"I suppose you know there is no money."

"I should think money most unlikely in such a quarter, and it's better she should have none than a small fortune. I'm an old whist-player, and when I play dummy there's nothing I hate more than to see two or three small trumps in my partner's hand."

"I imagine you'll not be distressed in that way here."

"I've got enough to come through with—that is, the thing can be done if there be no extravagances."

"Does one want for more?" cried Walpole, theatrically.

"I don't know that. If it were only ask and have, I should like to be tempted."

"I have no such ambition. I firmly believe that the moderate limits a man sets to his daily wants constitute the real liberty of his intellect and his intellectual nature."

"Perhaps I've no intellectual nature, then," growled out Lockwood, "for I know how I should like to spend fifteen thousand a year. I suppose I shall have to live on as many hundreds."

"It can be done."

"Perhaps it may. Have another weed?"

"No. I told you already I have begun a tobacco reformation."

"Does she object to the pipe?"

"I can not tell you. The fact is, Lockwood, my future and its fortunes are just as uncertain as your own. This day week will probably have decided the destiny of each of us."

"To our success, then!" cried the major, filling both their glasses.

"To our success!" said Walpole, as he drained his, and placed it upside down on the table.

CHAPTER LXIX.

AT KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

THE "Blue Goat" at Moate was destined once more to receive the same travelers whom we presented to our readers at a very early stage of this history.

"Not much change here," cried Lockwood, as he strode into the little sitting-room and sat down. "I miss the old fellow's picture, that's all."

"Ah, by-the-way," said Walpole to the landlord, "you had my lord Kilgobbin's portrait up there the last time I came through here."

"Yes indeed, Sir," said the man, smoothing down his hair and looking apologetically. "But the Goats and my lord, who was the Buck Goat, got into a little disagreement, and they sent away his picture, and his lordship retired from the club, and—and—that was the way of it."

"A heavy blow to your town, I take it," said the major, as he poured out his beer.

"Well, indeed, your honor, I won't say it was. You see, Sir, times is changed in Ireland. We don't care as much as we used about the 'neighboring gentry,' as they called them once; and as for the lord there, he doesn't spend a hundred a year in Moate."

"How is that?"

"They get what they want by rail from Dublin, your honor, and he might as well not be here at all."

"Can we have a car to carry us over to the Castle?" asked Walpole, who did not care to hear more of local grievances.

"Sure, isn't my lord's car waiting for you since two o'clock!" said the host, spitefully, for he was not conciliated by a courtesy that was to lose him a fifteen-shilling fare. "Not that there's much of a horse between the shafts, or that old Daly himself is an elegant coachman," continued the host; "but they're ready in the yard when you want them."

The travelers had no reason to delay them in their present quarters, and, taking their places on the car, set out for the Castle.

"I scarcely thought when I last drove this road," said Walpole, "that the next time I was to come should be on such an errand as my present one."

"Humph!" ejaculated the other. "Our noble relative that is to be does not shine in equipage. That beast is dead lame."

"If we had our deserts, Lockwood, we should be drawn by a team of doves, with the god Cupid on the box."

"I'd rather have two posters and a yellow post-chaise."

A drizzling rain that now began to fall interrupted all conversation, and each sunk back into his own thoughts for the rest of the way.

Lord Kilgobbin, with his daughter at his side, watched the car from the terrace of the Castle as it slowly wound its way along the bog road.

"As well as I can see, Kate, there is a man on each side of the car," said Kearney, as he handed his field-glass to his daughter.

"Yes, papa, I see there are two travelers."

"And I don't well know why there should be even one! There was no such great friendship between us that he need come all this way to bid us good-by."

"Considering the mishap that befell him here, it is a mark of good feeling to desire to see us all once more—don't you think so?"

"Maybe so," muttered he, drearily. "At all events, it's not a pleasant house he's coming to. Young O'Shea there up stairs, just out of a fever; and old Miss Betty, that may arrive any moment."

"There's no question of that. She says it would be ten days or a fortnight before she is equal to the journey."

"Heaven grant it!—hem—I mean that she'll be strong enough for it by that time. At all events, if it is the same as to our fine friend Mr. Walpole, I wish he'd have taken his leave of us in a letter."

"It is something new, papa, to see you so inhospitable."

"But I am not inhospitable, Kitty. Show me the good fellow that would like to pass an evening with me and think me good company, and he shall have the best saddle of mutton and the raciest bottle of claret in the house. But it's only mock-hospitality to be entertaining the man that only comes out of courtesy, and just stays as long as good manners oblige him."

"I do not know that I should undervalue politeness, especially when it takes the shape of recognition."

"Well, be it so," sighed he, almost drearily. "If the young gentleman is so warmly attached to us all that he can not tear himself away till he has embraced us, I suppose there's no help for it. Where is Nina?"

"She was reading to Gorman when I saw her. She had just relieved Dick, who has gone out for a walk."

"A jolly house for a visitor to come to!" cried he, sarcastically.

"We are not very gay or lively, it is true, papa; but it is not unlikely that the spirit in which our guest comes here will not need much jollity."

"I don't take it as a kindness for a man to bring me his depression and his low spirits. I've always more of my own than I know what to do with. Two sorrows never made a joy, Kitty."

"There! they are lighting the lamps," cried she, suddenly. "I don't think they can be more than three miles away."

"Have you rooms ready, if there be two coming?"

"Yes, papa, Mr. Walpole will have his old quarters; and the stag room is in readiness, if there be another guest."

"I'd like to have a house as big as the royal barracks, and every room of it occupied!" cried Kearney, with a mellow ring in his voice. "They talk of society and pleasant company; but for real enjoyment there's nothing to compare with what a man has under his own roof! No claret ever tastes so good as the decanter he circulates himself. I was low enough half an hour ago, and now the mere thought of a couple of fellows to dine with me cheers me up and warms my heart! I'll give them the green seal, Kitty; and I don't know that there's another house in the county could put a bottle of '46 claret before them."

"So you shall, papa. I'll go to the cellar myself and fetch it."

Kearney hastened to make the moderate toilet he called dressing for dinner, and was only finished when his old servant informed him that two gentlemen had arrived and gone up to their rooms.

"I wish it was two dozen had come," said Kearney, as he descended to the drawing-room.

"It is Major Lockwood, papa," cried Kate, entering and drawing him into a window recess; "the Major Lockwood that was here before has come with Mr. Walpole. I met him in the hall while I had the basket with the wine in my hand, and he was so cordial and glad to see me you can not think."

"He knew that green wax, Kitty. He tasted that 'bin' when he was here last."

"Perhaps so; but he certainly seemed overjoyed at something."

"Let me see," muttered he: "wasn't he the big fellow with the long mustaches?"

"A tall, very good-looking man; dark as a Spaniard, and not unlike one."

"To be sure, to be sure. I remember him well. He was a capital shot with the pistol, and he liked his wine. By-the-way, Nina did not take to him."

"How do you remember that, papa?" said she, archly.

"If I don't mistake, she told me so, or she called him a brute, or a savage, or some one of those things a man is sure to be when a woman discovers he will not be her slave."

Nina entering at the moment cut short all rejoinder, and Kearney came forward to meet her with his hand out.

"Shake out your lower courses, and let me look at you," cried he, as he walked round her admiringly. "Upon my oath, it's more beautiful than ever you are! I can guess what a fate is reserved for those dandies from Dublin."

"Do you like my dress, Sir? Is it becoming?" asked she.

"Becoming it is; but I'm not sure whether I like it."

"And how is that, Sir?"

"I don't see how, with all that floating gauze and swelling lace, a man is to get an arm round you at all—"

"I can not perceive the necessity, Sir;" and the insolent toss of her head, more forcibly even than her words, resented such a possibility.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PASSING down Fulton Street the other day, we were made conscious that the banana season had fully come. A cargo had doubtless just arrived; for at every corner was a stand laden with the luscious fruit, and in the market great red and golden clusters crowned every fruit stall. The judicious dealers had made a discriminating separation, based on prior experience—evidently having calculated to an hour how long certain bananas would be suitable to offer for sale. The prices ranged from one cent upward, the penny banana being usually a dilapidated specimen, often having its skin removed and its best side exposed to the possible customer. Sometimes a very good banana of moderate size can be bought for three cents, an excellent one for five cents, while the larger ones bring eight and ten cents; and they are always sold cheaper by the bunch than singly.

This delicious tropical fruit grows on a tree about fifteen or twenty feet in height. The trunk of the tree is terminated by a tuft of huge leaves from six to ten feet in length, and from the midst of these leaves proceeds the peduncle which bears the flowers and fruit. A cluster often contains about a hundred bananas; and being very productive, easily cultivated, agreeable, and nutritious, this fruit is one of the most useful in tropical countries. In the East and West Indies it is an important article of diet. It is eaten raw, made into bread, roasted, boiled, fried in fritters, preserved, and dried; also the tops of the young plants are eaten as a delicate vegetable, and the fermented juice of the trunk becomes an agreeable wine. The large leaves are used for thatching, basket-making, and other similar purposes. The growth of the banana stalk is very rapid, so that it has been said that if you cut the stem off at certain seasons you may see the young leaf actually move upward from within and grow before your eyes!

The Austrian embassy in Paris are to have their quarters thoroughly renewed. The Count d'Apponyi, who is the possessor of an immense fortune, is not content, but desires to have every thing new and bright and spotless. All the apartments are to be hung with the richest and most elegant materials, and of regilding and upholstering there will be a vast amount. Parisian fashionables expect that these changes will be followed by a series of entertainments of corresponding magnificence.

The congratulatory address on the recovery of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is to be inclosed in a handsome oak casket richly ornamented with silver, and presented to the Princess of Wales by the clergy and tenantry of Sandringham.

What a strange infatuation it is which induces boy or man to point a pistol at another person in sport! Of course it is believed to be unloaded, or, if loaded, to be most carefully handled; yet accidents usually follow. A few days ago a boy about twelve years old, in Newark, New Jersey, was playing with a pistol, which, as it did not immediately explode, he concluded was not loaded. A lad of his own age was with him, and the boy who had the pistol playfully pointed it at him, saying, "Don't be afraid, Joe; it ain't loaded." At that instant the pistol exploded, and the contents were lodged in the little fellow's left eye. The injury was believed to be fatal.

The *Libertà* of Rome relates a circumstance which recently occurred at the Church of Santo Lorenzo, in Lucina. A young girl presented herself with several others to receive the Holy Communion, but the priest passed her over, and on her observing this to him he replied that a certain reason prevented his giving her the Communion, but that he would do so in the sacristy, which he accordingly did. The difficulty lay in the fact that the girl wore on her shoulders a silk kerchief of the three national colors.

An interesting journal is published in Paris under the title of *La Feuille des Jeunes Naturalistes*. Its object is to become a means of communication between French youths who are willing to devote their leisure hours to the study of natural history. The facilities for such pursuits are great in France, as almost every large school has its own museum, containing specimens collected and arranged by the boys themselves.

What agonies must that poet have endured who, writing of his love, asserted in his manuscript that he "kissed her under the silent stars," and found the compositor had made him declare that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs!" A volume of the typographical errors which have been made within the last fifty years—well-selected specimens, we mean—would be highly amusing.

A maiden of seventy-one summers, living in Illinois, having been jilted by a youth of eighty, concluded, instead of carrying the matter into court, to leave it to an arbitrator. The value of certain eggs and chickens which the octogenarian had eaten up in sundry visits, added to the worth of damaged affections, was decided to amount to $350. This was satisfactory all around: the affair was settled up at once, to the chagrin of the lawyers.

They have tough girls in Maine. In proof of which assertion may be mentioned the impromptu exploit of a chamber-maid in Bangor. She was shaking a rug out of a second-story window when she lost her balance, turned a complete somersault, and came down to the ground with a rush. She immediately jumped up, ran into the house, and resumed her work as if nothing had happened.

Two ladies, one a countess, the other a princess, once went to Rothschild as beggars—not for themselves, but for a hospital which was to be erected at Ischl. Rothschild seemed to approve the undertaking, and took his pen to add his name to the list of subscribers. Pausing a moment, he turned to them and asked, "Excuse me, ladies, is the hospital to be interconfessional? that is, will patients be accepted that do not belong to the Catholic religion?" The ladies had to admit that only Catholic patients would have the benefit of the hospital. "Then, ladies, I shall not intrude," said Rothschild, and he laid down the pen. They understood him without further comment, and departed.

A bill has been presented in the Legislature at Albany "to provide for a pure quality and a just measure of gas in the city of New York." A comforting thing will it be for the citizens of the metropolis if this bill becomes a law faithfully executed. But, no doubt, it will meet with vigorous opposition by all interested in the gas monopolies. The bill provides for the appointment of commissioners to inspect the gas, to establish a standard for the illuminating power of it, to arrange for the measurement of the gas supplied, and for testing the meters of the companies. It also provides that a deduction shall be made from the charges for gas when it falls short of the standard determined by the commissioners. Also, any gas consumer may have the meter through which his gas flows tested by the commissioners; and if the meter indicates more gas than actually passes through it when tested by the standard established, the consumer shall be entitled upon their certificate to recover from the company who supplied the gas a proper percentage of the amount he may have paid for gas supplied through that meter, or to set off the amount against any charge for gas supplied to him by the same company.

Our readers will be glad to learn that through the intercession of American and English scholars the sentence of the distinguished French author, Élisée Reclus, has been changed from exile to a penal colony to banishment for life from France, leaving him at liberty to choose his own place of residence. M. Reclus's great work on "The Earth" has found thousands of readers in this country. He was one of the moderate members of the Paris Commune, but no other offense was alleged against him.

The sea is said to be rapidly encroaching on Tybee Island, Georgia, famed during the war. The ravine in which the Confederate troops drilled in 1861 is now a salt-water pond during high tides. The remains of the United States soldiers who fell victims to the cholera in 1868 are exposed to view by the shifting of the sand, which has laid bare their shallow graves.

Old "stove-pipe" hats may yet become valuable. A Philadelphia hatter, recently established at Madras, has written for a large consignment of them for the use of the natives' idols.

Another remedy for cholera appears. Although this is not the prevailing disease just now, next summer may bring it, and our readers might as well paste this recipe in their scrap-books. It is very simple: "A table-spoonful of salt and a table-spoonful of red pepper in half a pint of hot water." The medicine acts quickly as an emetic. It is said to have been most successfully used when the ordinary methods of treatment have proved unavailing.

Respecting projects of restoring the public buildings of Paris, it has been stated that one of the greatest of the French artists will restore the Tuileries in the elegant form devised by Philibert Delorme. Open arcades, supplying the place of the solid buildings raised by Jean Bullant and Père Ducerceau, will connect the new palace with the two great wings of the Louvre, and will bring the Place du Carrousel in direct communication with the gardens.

One of the most venerable and extensive of the ecclesiastical establishments of Rio Janeiro is the Convent of Ajuda. It has always been regarded with the most profound respect by Brazilians; and any thought of making a secular use of the extensive unoccupied grounds about it, only a few years ago, have been regarded as sacrilegious. But educational reforms are stepping into Brazil; and now the huge walls about the grounds of this old convent have given way, and a large section of the land is to be used for the erection of a public-school building.

Poland and Germany have revived a long-standing contest in regard to Copernicus. Each country claims the great astronomer as a son. He was born in Thorn, which was at the time of his birth under the German rule: so the Germans claim him. But the Poles regard Thorn as in reality a Polish town, it having been separated from Poland only seven years before; besides, his parents were Poles, and he was educated with Polish students: so Poland holds the right to honor Copernicus as one of her greatest men. Years ago a statue of him was erected at Warsaw, and two others at Cracow. Preparations are already being made at Posen for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, on February 19, 1873. A prize has been offered for the best life of the great astronomer, and it is to be published in the Polish, German, and French languages.

A characteristic story is told of the Grand Duke Alexis, who is in the naval service. A year or two ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flagship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat."

"Admiral, I can not obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so."

"I mean no disobedience, but I can not obey," was the reply.

Four or five of the crew perished in the transit from ship to shore, and the admiral and Alexis were the last to land. In hastily constructed tents the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly resumed. The young prince was placed under arrest for disobedience of orders. The Russian minister at Copenhagen was informed of the facts, and telegraphed them to the emperor, from whom he received the following reply, "I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

The luck of the house of Rothschild is proverbial; and it was pointed out as yet another instance of that luck that although the great bankers are very large owners of house property in Paris, not a franc's worth of damage had been done to them by the shells of either the Prussians, the Versailles troops, or the Communists. But it seems that the luck of the Rothschilds does not follow them into the law courts, for they have just been condemned to pay the trifle of 674,000 francs ($135,000) for stamp duties due on the shares of different companies of which they are agents, the said sum having been already paid to M. Gourde, the Finance Delegate under the Commune. It certainly does seem rather hard that the state should refuse to accept the receipt of the Communal tax-gatherers as valid, for, as M. Rothschild's lawyer pointed out, had his clients refused to pay the Commune, their establishment would have at once been given up to pillage, and all the valuable property deposited there scattered to the winds.

ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF LIGHT-HOUSES.

The illustration on this page shows a new application of electric illumination to light-houses, which promises to greatly increase the efficiency of these safeguards against the dangers of sea-coasts and reefs. This use of electricity was first suggested by Professor Faraday some years ago, and since that time a series of practical experiments has been carried on in England with the view of testing its utility. About a year ago a revolving electrical light was established with good results at the mouth of the Tyne, and on last New-Year's Day it was also set in operation at the South Foreland light-houses, which are situated between Dover and Deal, where it is expected to be of immense value to seamen, owing to its position with regard to the opposite coast of France, the approaches to the North Sea, and the mouth of the Thames. The completion of these works establishes a triangle of electric lights, the other two being those of Dungeness and Cape Gris-nez.

The South Foreland light-houses, established in 1634, exhibited coal fires till 1790, since when, up to the present time (with the exception of a few weeks about thirteen years ago, when the electric light was temporarily displayed) they have been illuminated with oil. The towers are 449 yards apart, and their lights are respectively 372 and 275 feet above spring-tide high-water mark. Buildings for the production of the electric light have been erected midway between the two light-houses. The electricity is generated by magnetic electric machines, worked by small horizontal condensing engines, and the electrical currents are sent from the machines by underground wires to the lantern of each light-house. Water for the steam-engine is obtained from a well sunk in the chalk 280 feet deep. The water is quite fresh, but it is curiously affected by the tide. During each flood-tide the well is quite dry, but through each ebb-tide there is an abundant supply of water. In case of accident there is an effective oil lamp always ready to take the place of the electric light; but the machinery is so simple and easily managed that there is hardly a possibility of derangement.

The advantages of the electric light over that produced by the ordinary means of illumination are its intense brightness, greater steadiness, cheapness of production, and the ease with which it is managed. Though it may not come into use on isolated reefs and small islands, it will probably take the place of other means of lighting in all important light-houses on the mainland, especially at the entrance of great harbors like those of New York, Boston, Liverpool, and Southampton.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT THE SOUTH FORELAND, ENGLAND.

ANTELOPE-HUNTING WITH CHEETAHS.

The "hunting cheetah," trained for hunting the antelope in India, belongs to the leopard tribe, but differs from the common leopard and panther in many respects. He stands proportionally higher on his legs, and is of a lighter build. His color is a paler yellow, and his spots are circular and equally distributed over the body, whereas in the leopard and panther they are in the form of irregularly shaped rosettes, much resembling the dirty print of a dog's foot on a clean carpet. The head is round, with long, erect ears and fierce, staring eyes, with deeply marked sinuses beneath. The claws are not retractile, but similar to those of a dog, and in some manner the cheetah seems to connect the cat and dog tribes together. By the aid of a long tail, furnished with a thick, bushy tuft, he

LOOSING THE CHEETAH.

is enabled to turn at speed wonderfully quickly, whisking this member round as a greyhound does his in following the doubles of a tired hare. The animal is, in fact, eminently adapted for speed, and with his cruel-looking face, alarming spots (for this pattern is always terrifying), sinewy and active movements, and great velocity up to 200 yards, forms about as terrible an enemy as a poor timid antelope could well have.

The method of conducting the sport is as follows: one or more cheetahs may be used, but whatever the number, each is carried on his particular cart with a driver and two keepers. Any one wishing to see the fun may also sit on the cart, "cheetah permitting." In the sketches two cheetahs and carts are represented. The latter are light frame-works of wood and rope, constructed so that while the hunting-party sit on the flat tray above, the dead game may be carried in a kind of cage below. The cheetah is blinded with a leather hood called a "tobra," and secured to the sides of the cart with ropes passed from a collar round his neck. The keepers take nothing with them but a knife each and a large wooden ladle.

A herd of deer being discovered, the cart is carefully driven up to the leeward of them, advantage being taken of any ground which may favor the approach of the cheetah. The deer are accustomed to see the oxen and carts of the cultivators in the fields, and, unless something unusual strikes their eye, will allow the party to approach within sixty or eighty yards. The leather hood is then slipped off, and the cheetah's head turned in the direction of the herd.

The glare of the sun, after the enforced darkness of the hood, makes the animal blink and stare for a moment, and then the deer catching his eye, he drops from the cart, and, according as the ground favors him or not, lollops or creeps toward them. Arriving within what he considers fair starting distance—that is to say, as near the herd as possible—he singles out the largest buck, and, to use a slang but expressive phrase, "lays on to him." The buck strains every nerve for dear life, but, however fleet he may be, if the grim enemy behind has a fair start, it is a hopeless struggle from the first. At such a time the cheetah's rush is most astonishing. The buck, although going at his best pace, appears to be scarcely moving, giving the idea, often carried away by spectators, that he is paralyzed with fear. The buck in his agony makes a spurt, the cheetah responds, the buck again, then the cheetah—a blow of the latter's paw, a cloud of dust, a confusion of legs, and the buck is on his back,

CAUGHT.

HUNTING ANTELOPES WITH CHEETAHS IN INDIA.

with the cheetah holding on to his throat like a patent vise.

The keepers now run up and hastily slip the leather cover over the eyes of their charge, and cutting the deer's throat and opening the carcass, they fill the large ladle with blood and pieces of liver, and slap the haunch of the deer, calling to the cheetah, "*Ou beta*" (come, my son). He will not always loose his hold in a hurry, but after some coaxing transfers his nose to the ladle, when, holding this before him and steering him with his tail, the keepers assist him into the cart, which by this time should have arrived. The breaking up of the deer is then completed, the body is packed away below the cart, and the whole party proceed as before.

Should the cheetah get a fair start the race is over in one hundred yards or so. It may be prolonged to two hundred or more, but generally after two hundred yards, if the cheetah finds he is not gaining, he gives up the chase, squats on his haunches, and watches the retreating deer, or prowls sulkily about until the keepers run up and secure him.

It is remarkable that when the cheetah seizes the throat of the deer the skin is not cut, the throat is merely compressed; but where the blow of the fore-paw is delivered on the haunch in the act of seizing, the flesh is blackened under the skin. The cheetah further renders his prey powerless by throwing his body across its chest and pressing its mouth with one paw. In fact, his whole action from beginning to end is most thoroughly business-like.

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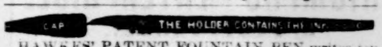

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